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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M.A. (OXON.)

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LIST OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND JOURNALS REFERRED TO.

Adin Ballou's *Modern Spiritual Manifestations*.

Dr. Wolfe's *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*.

Epes Sargent's *Proof Palpable of Immortality*.

Do. *Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*.

Dr. Crowell's *Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*. 2 vols.

Mr. Crookes' *Researches*.

Mr. A. R. Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*.

Colonel Olcott's *People from the Other World*.

Zöllner's *Transcendental Physics*, translated by C. C. Massey.

Dale Owen's *Debateable Land*.

Do. *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*.

M. A. (Oxon.)'s *Psychography* (second edition).

Do. *Spirit Identity*.

Do. *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*.

The Spiritual Magazine.

Human Nature.

The Psychological Review.

The Spiritualist Newspaper.

The Medium Newspaper.

Light.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS chapter forms one of a series of Researches, the first few chapters of which appeared in *Human Nature*, a magazine now defunct, in the years 1874 and 1875. It was my intention to continue those Researches consecutively, and to complete the first part of them, which deals with the phenomena usually known as physical, by a chapter on Materialisation. The part so completed was designed to embrace a study of raps, movements of ponderable objects, luminous appearances, musical sounds abnormally caused, scents similarly produced, spirit-photography, and materialisation. The design has been incomplete for these past seven years, partly in consequence

of the pressure of many duties, which absorbed all my spare time, partly from the necessity of devoting attention to other phases of Spiritualism, but chiefly from the impossibility of arriving at any really satisfactory personal evidence such as a careful writer ought to have before he can consider so tremendous a phenomenon as proven. I found the conditions of investigation eminently unsatisfactory, and I was repelled rather than advanced by vain efforts to gain conviction. In so saying I am expressing a purely personal opinion, and have no desire whatever to impugn the faith which has come to so many Spiritualists on the result of their experience. They have got what I could not get, just as I myself have got, in other ways, what so many earnest seekers fail to find.

But though I have not obtained that full measure of absolute knowledge which a face-to-face interview with a well known friend who has preceded me into the land of spirit would unquestionably give, I have a logical conviction of the value of the evidence which during the past ten years I have been carefully sifting. That conviction has been obtained by a general review of the evidence published in the literature of Spiritualism, and in its journals and magazines of this country. The more voluminous American records I have been reluctantly compelled to leave practically untouched.

I am not without hope that the publication of this analysis of evidence will remove from the minds of some of my excellent friends in the United States a half-expressed feeling that I regard materialisation as unproven, and materialising mediums as a set of wholesale impostors. Nothing could well be further removed from truth. I have, indeed, more than once expressed my strong sense of the flagrant discredit brought upon Spiritualism by fraudulent pretenders to mediumship. But I have equally protested against the cruel injustice done to an honest medium by placing him in the equivocal circumstances under which it has become usual to evoke this special phenomenon. I have strongly urged a return to earlier and saner conditions of investigation, and especially to those under which some of the very best results have actually been obtained.

It has become, indeed, imperative to adopt the advice that I gave now six years ago. Reiterated exposures of what is alleged to be fraud, and which so wears the garb of fraud that it is idle to hope that the world will believe it to be anything else, have well nigh ruined Spiritualism as a public movement. The grasping these forms is a stupid thing, and (as Mr. A. R. Wallace well pointed out in a recent letter to *Light*) proves absolutely nothing. I do not hesitate to express my substan-

tial agreement with his opinions. I gravely doubt whether these alleged exposures are so conclusive as they seem to be. But in our present state of ignorance, we cannot do otherwise than accept the surface explanation that seems obvious.

It is for that reason that I have urged so strongly that conditions of investigation that make such exposures possible—that lend themselves so readily to fraud, if fraud be planned—and that so perplex conditions of observation as to make true investigation impossible—should be promptly abandoned, and this in the interest alike of Spiritualism and all concerned. And I beg my friends to observe that, in so doing, I no more profess my disbelief in materialisation, than I impugn the currency by denouncing forgers and smashers, and their fraudulent notes and coins.

Before this chapter is complete, I shall have given reason for my logical conviction. I shall have put forth specimens (I can no more) of the evidence that convinces me of the fact that I am demonstrating. I shall have discussed some theories, how fruitlessly remains to be seen. And when it is complete I will add to it those that have preceded it, and present to those whom it may concern a volume of personal research into the physical phenomena of Spiritualism.

It remains only for me to express my gratitude and obligation to Mr. J. Fred Collingwood, whose sustained interest in my work, combined with greater leisure than I can command, has enabled him to amass and place at my disposal material for this chapter, which the demands on my time, daily increasing, would have prevented me from gathering for myself.

CHAPTER V.

PHASES OF MATERIALISATION; OR, THE MANIFESTATION TO HUMAN SENSES OF OBJECTS NOT PREVIOUSLY DISCERNIBLE ON THE PLANE OF MATTER.

AMONG the problems of Spiritualism Materialisation stands conspicuous. No subject has been so loosely handled by those who have undertaken to write upon it, while in none is there more urgent need of precision. It is questionable, indeed, whether the time has yet come when anything like a satisfactory treatment of the whole question can be attempted. We know too little of the power that lies at the back of these phenomena, to say nothing of our utter ignorance of its mode of operation, to do more than treat the subject tentatively. No doubt a very large body of fact has been accumulated.

The very abundance of the material is one of the chief difficulties of dealing with it in any precise manner. Thousands of cases have been recorded, each with its element of surpassing wonder, and it is not strange that the recorder, fresh from a face-to-face interview with what he believes to be a temporarily incarnated spirit, and that spirit not infrequently a dear and lamented friend, should deal with his narrative emotionally rather than logically. His emotions have been deeply stirred, and in most cases his narrative shows traces of that disturbance. Or, at least, his faculty of wonder has been strongly appealed to, and the marvellous enters largely into his description, to the detriment usually of precise and accurate statement.

Add to this the rare difficulty of exact observation; the necessary precautions with which the materialised form is hedged round; our ignorance of the power which spirits have over gross matter (as, for instance, with respect to the introduction and subsequent removal of the drapery with which the form is clothed); and the impossibility of securing absolute and definite test conditions on most occasions; and it will be seen that the question is one which it behoves the writer to handle with great care.

In recording the phases of Materialisation, so far as they are ripe for record, in their proper place in these Researches, I do not propose to go over the whole ground, or even to notice any considerable number of instances such as a historian would be bound to note and comment on. Any such attempt would lead me far beyond my prescribed limits; while to omit all reference to the subject would mar the symmetry of the plan which I have laid down for myself. These Researches are in a great measure personal, intended primarily to cover my own experience, illustrated and supplemented by authentic records which have come under my notice. I have desired to subordinate the latter to the former element, more especially when the field to be traversed is so wide as it is in this subject of Materialisation. My own experience has, unfortunately, been very slender. Only once, at a time now long past, had I personal proof of the materialisation of a hand and arm at our own *séances*. On the contrary, there is scarcely a medium in this country or in America in whose presence these phenomena have not occurred repeatedly and in profusion. To notice all, or even the most conspicuous, would be impossible. I desire, therefore, to deal with the subject on some orderly plan, and to draw from the mass of matter at my disposal only such cases as are illustrative of the exact point under discussion. If I omit many which my readers may possibly think

more striking, I beg them to consider that I express no opinion whatever upon cases which I do not mention; least of all do I cast any imputation on any record by omitting to refer to it. I must perforce select; and in making my selection I shall be guided solely by the principle of applicability, taking due care to present only such cases as I believe to be authentic, and knowing full well that there are, perhaps, hundreds of others just as suitable which space forbids me even to refer to.

I have spoken hitherto of Materialisation in its usual sense of the production of the whole or some part of a human form; but in dealing more precisely with the subject, I shall notice first of all the Materialisation of inanimate objects, and then of hands, faces, and finally, of the perfect human body. These points I shall discuss in order, drawing my illustrations from observations made by myself or my own friends, or from some more than usually striking published record. I shall canvass the theories put forward, and state what seems to me to be the points proven, and those which still remain in the realm of speculation. It will, thus, be no part of my business to discuss the results obtained through the mediumship of any one person, or to compare them with those obtained in other places and by other mediums. I shall not even seek to enumerate the many mediums who have contributed facts to our knowledge of this vexed question; much less shall I estimate the relative importance of results so obtained. I shall not feel called upon to decide between rival Katies, or to pronounce any judgment upon the validity of any testimony which I do not quote. And when I have said all I shall be prepared to find that a dark and mysterious subject has not been made much clearer by my researches, though I cherish a hope that it will not be made more unintelligible by the attempt to sweep away some of the cobwebs that hang round it, and so clear off some of the misconceptions with which it is beset.

It is a melancholy fact, that the discussion of this subject, which ought to be approached in a spirit of judicial calmness and impartiality, has been greatly embarrassed by the importation of irrelevant matter, as well as by the intemperate language which some heated partisans have condescended to employ. Those who have considered that a fact so tremendous should rest on testimony the most unimpeachable have been held up to reprobation as ill-conditioned sceptics quibbling and cavilling out of pure wrong-headedness. When they have exposed a mean fraud, and have shown how the methods of investigation that are in common use positively invite im-

posture, while rampant credulity fosters its growth, they have been met with a storm of jeers and taunts as persecutors of mediums and "enemies of the cause." Angry recrimination, and windy declamation, valueless in itself and irritating in its utter inapplicability, have been rife, until at last it has well nigh come to pass that some writers rush to the rescue of every incriminated impostor or pretender to mediumship, and bespatter with abuse any who presume to criticise their performances. This regrettable temper renders it difficult to discuss with candour and completeness what is surrounded by such an atmosphere of prejudice. It is, however, imperative on any writer who would deal fairly with this obscure subject to disregard merely emotional appeals to the passions, to brush aside the language of oburgation, and to confine his attention strictly to that which is capable of proof such as reasonable men rightly require. And, in doing this, he will pay no heed whatever to angry taunts and inuendoes, convinced that he is the honest medium's truest friend, as he trusts that he is, as he desires to be, "a terror to evil doers." Truth can have nothing to gain from concealment. True mediums have nothing to fear from honest and thorough investigation; nor, I may add, have they anything to gain from association with the questionable methods so dear to the enthusiast and the impostor. By such methods our knowledge is so far from being advanced, that the little we do possess is befogged and besmirched with recurring scepticism, until the demon of doubt intrudes everywhere, and belief is made difficult if not impossible. And yet no careful investigator who has spent time and pains in the investigation doubts that there is a substratum of fact which impudent imposture and credulous enthusiasm have done their best to hide out of sight. It is the business of one who deals with the evidence to clear away what is manifestly insufficient, to pass by records that may be thoroughly satisfactory to those who penned them, but which do not stand, and probably were not written to meet scientific sifting, and to present that substratum of evidence which establishes the fact that unseen operators can, under certain ascertained conditions, give temporary materiality to objects not previously discernible by human sense. The presentation of that evidence must be by sample only, and surely no temper need be imported into a purely scientific discussion. The air should be clear, and the eye unclouded, the mind impartial, and the language calm, when new and obscure phenomena are to be estimated. In this spirit let us approach the sifting of the mass of evidence that has accumulated.

PREVIOUS INVESTIGATIONS IN THEIR BEARING ON
MATERIALISATION.

I have already discussed, in the course of these *Researches* the passage of solid bodies through material obstacles, and have given many cases from my own experience on which I rest my belief in that startling fact. The dissolution of material particles and their subsequent recombination is the converse of that process by which an impalpable substance, animate or inanimate, is temporarily clothed with material particles so as to become cognisable by our senses, and by which these particles are again dispersed. As in dealing with the former phenomena, it was necessary to guard carefully against confounding cases where objects might conceivably have been introduced into closed spaces without the disintegration of their material substance from those which such a process must have taken place, so here it is necessary to distinguish between cases of *materialisation* and those which may conceivably be *importation* (e.g. of drapery with which many forms are clothed), or *transformation*, or *transfiguration* of the medium. The evidence on which our case is rested must exclude possibility of confusion with that on which these very different phenomena rest. If drapery is seen to be similar in texture and appearance to that which our looms produce, it must be shown to be at least probable that it was not so produced, and imported into the closed room. If it be handled and found to vary in texture, as is often the case; still better, if it vary in bulk, or disappear altogether, such evidence is forthcoming. It then becomes a question of its value and sufficiency.

Yet, again, in the course of these *Researches*, I have dealt at length with what I believe to be an elementary and inceptive form of materialisation. The floating masses of luminous vapour which I have so often alluded to, and which I believe to be the pabulum used by the unseen operators, assume at times sufficient density to make an impression on the sensitized plate, though they remain invisible to the natural eye. In the results of spirit-photography, we have evidence of incipient materialisation. The luminous vapour is condensed into a form, or portion of a form; and that portion carried further would give the shadowy figures that some of us have seen in the presence of Slade, and finally the solid beings of flesh and blood structured according to the perfection of human nature, such as occur in the presence of ordinary physical mediums. It seems to be only a question of degree.

It is well then to keep in mind the evidence that I have adduced under these two heads, as bearing somewhat on what I am now about to bring forward.

USE OF TERMS.

After some hesitation I have decided to adhere to the common and intelligible word, Materialisation. Until I come to discuss the various theories advanced, I cannot enter into nice distinctions. It is perhaps preferable to use the term Form-Manifestation in writing of the presentation of the perfect human figure. But, since I deal with parts of that figure, such as fugitive hands, as well as with inanimate objects, such as drapery, flowers, and the like, I necessarily prefer a term of general application. It is, possibly, sufficient to say, as has been recently suggested, that these various objects *appear*, i.e., are by some unknown process made visible to us; and they may, therefore, be spoken of as *appearances*, or *apparitions*. But the latter word is already of special application; and the former is too vague. Whatever is done by the unseen agencies at work, the result is that various objects, not before tangible or visible, become cognisable by the senses of touch and sight, as well as by our other senses. They become, in effect, what we understand as *material*, and it is convenient to speak of them in this temporary condition as *materialised*, until extended knowledge enables us to apply to them a more exact term.

SECTION I.

MATERIALISATION OF INANIMATE OBJECTS.

Before proceeding to notice the materialisation of various parts of the human form, it may be well to deal with some good cases of the apparent materialisation of drapery, liquids, flowers, and inanimate objects of various kinds.

1. *Drapery of various textures and qualities.*

It is the peculiarity of the form-manifestations through most mediums that they are clothed in a profusion of white drapery. Putting aside cases in which this might conceivably have been introduced into the room by the agents who find no obstacle in what to us is a material bar, there is abundant evidence that this drapery does, in some cases, disappear under the eye of the observer, being dematerialised and reduced to a state of invisibility and intangibility. We have the well-known case testified to by many independent observers in which Katie King, materialised through the mediumship of Florence Cook, cut pieces out of the front part of her robe, leaving the holes clearly visible. These holes were then and there filled up, and the robe made whole again, as she sat between two observers, who watched her narrowly all the time. The narrative merits quotation:—

"Taking up her skirt in a double fold, Mr. Crookes having lent her his scissors, Katie cut two pieces out of the front part, leaving the holes visible, one about an inch and the other two or three inches in circumference, and then, as if by magic, but without the conjuror's double boxes, or any attempt at concealment, she held that portion of her dress in her closed hand for a minute or two, and showed that the holes had disappeared, and that the dress was again entire. The pieces are apparently strong ordinary white calico."

Mr. W. H. Harrison writes—"After she had thus cut several great holes in her dress, as she sat between Mr. Crookes and Mr. Taff, she was asked if she could mend it, as she had done on other occasions; she then held up the dilapidated portion in a good light, gave it one flap, and it was instantly as perfect as at first. Those near the door of the cabinet examined and handled it immediately, with her permission, and testified there was no hole, seam, or joint of any kind, where a moment before had been large holes several inches in diameter."

Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryat) writes—"I must not forget to relate what appeared to me to be one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural powers, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic, . . . there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it in which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times."*

The same spirit, in an earlier stage of the same series of experiments, held out from the cabinet in which she stood a piece of white drapery resembling muslin in appearance. It was examined, and was afterwards withdrawn until it touched the curtain, when it disappeared, apparently through the curtain. This is reported as having occurred several times.†

Moreover, this drapery varies greatly in texture according to the perfection of the conditions under which it is produced. When these are good, *e.g.*, when the circle contains elements that are well and duly harmonised, and when atmospheric conditions are good, the drapery that I have repeatedly handled has been finer than the finest cambric, delicate as a cobweb to the touch. So it is recorded of some drapery of Katie King's, "as the texture was drawn over the fingers, it felt as light and as fragile as a spider's web."‡ Dr. Wolfe,§ Mrs. Hollis being the medium, repeatedly observed drapery which was

* Spiritualist, Vol. IV., Nos. 22, 23. See Epes Sargent's *Proof Palpable*, p. 103-4. For convenience of reference I refer largely to this work, and to others of a similar character, as useful and trustworthy compilations of evidence.

† *Proof Palpable*, p. 52.

‡ *Proof Palpable*, p. 83.

§ *Startling Facts*, p. 519.

drawn over his hand, and which he describes as "cobwebby material," "looking like gossamer." This exquisitely fine substance I have known changed in the course of a séance into something rough and coarse as a bath-towel. The delicate conditions were gone, and the delicacy of the material went with them, just as in another case I have recorded how, owing to inharmonious conditions, an exquisitely delicate perfume was instantaneously converted into a coarse and most offensive odour. So intimate is the inter-dependence between the sitters and the phenomena.

But this drapery is of all textures, and, in cases where a full form is materialised under good conditions, the mass of drapery of various textures and of refined smoothness, without crease or fold, its voluminous bulk and its tasteful disposition, do away at once and completely with any idea that it could have been surreptitiously concealed in the attire of the medium, and so introduced and put on in the darkness of the confined space in which she has been placed.

There are various recorded cases in which other materials have been produced. Dr. Gray, in the course of the celebrated Livermore experiments with Kate Fox as medium, records a form-manifestation of what purported to be Dr. Franklin, clothed, to all appearance, as he had been used to dress in life. The brown coat was made of cloth that seemed so firm in texture that for a time it could be pulled without coming apart. It was closely examined *until it melted away*.* This was as far back as the year 1862.

Dr. Wolfe, whose experiments, conducted in his own house with Mrs. Hollis as medium, were extremely exhaustive, records that he observed repeatedly on the fugitive arms and hands that were protruded from under the table or from a cabinet, such materials as lace of various kinds, silk of different colours, linen, and the like.†

Dr. Crowell records his observation through the mediumship of Mary Andrews of a hand and arm with various coverings, and especially of one that was clothed with a linen sleeve, over which was an outer dress of silk.‡

Messrs. Barkas and Adshead record with another medium, William Petty, how, under severest test conditions, they cut a piece from a robe of cambric.

"On May 1st I prepared the cabinet, and carefully excluded everything that had the appearance of whiteness and everything that could by any possibility be used for clothing. Having arranged

* *Proof Palpable*, p. 20.

† *Startling Facts*, p. 355.

‡ Crowell's *Primitive Christianity*, p. 448, 453.

the cabinet, I locked the doors of the rooms, and carried with me the three different keys that required to be used before the séance-room could be entered. At 6.15 p.m. I unlocked the doors, and with my friend Mr. Adshead of Derby, entered the séance-room. He and I carefully examined the rooms and cabinet, and I found everything as I had left them the day before. I then shut and fastened the door of the cabinet, so that the space was entirely enclosed. At 6.36 the medium, William Petty, a youth 17 years of age, arrived and entered the room adjoining the séance-room; and when in that room I requested Mr. Adshead to join me and observe the medium undress and redress in dark clothes which I had provided. He stripped himself absolutely naked. I removed all his clothing and furnished him with a dark striped shirt, a pair of dark brown stockings, a pair of black trousers, and my own top-coat which is blue and lined with silk. He had not a white or light article of any kind on his person. When so dressed I led him to the cabinet and placed him upon a black sofa cushion with his head on a black sofa pillow. We sat in a good light for about thirty minutes, after which the light was reduced to dimness, and a figure draped in white, about four feet high, came from the cabinet and moved about the room. It took up a pair of scissors I had placed on the floor at my feet, and cut from its garments a piece about seven inches by two and an eighth inches. The garment was afterwards examined and found to be very fine lawn.*

2. *Liquids of various kinds.*

Under this head must come such an account as that given by Zöllner of a sitting with Slade.† “We were sprinkled from above with a sort of drizzle. We were both wet on heads, clothes, and hands.” Traces were plain on the carpet. Afterwards the phenomenon was repeated more strongly, the ceiling and walls being moistened. *It appeared to be formed in the middle of the room, about four feet overhead.*

“On the 7th May, 1878, at 11.15 in the morning, I had taken my place with Slade at our card-table.” . . . “Slade and I then rose to look in a closet,” . . . “but before this could be done, almost in the moment when we rose, we were sprinkled from above by a sort of drizzle. We were both wet on the head, clothes, and hands, and the traces of this shower—of perhaps one-fourth of a second duration—were afterwards clearly perceptible on the floor of the room.” . . . “Surprised at this unexpected phenomenon, and yet busy in drying our clothes, we took our places again at the table, and were about to join hands, when suddenly the same thing was repeated almost more strongly. This time the ceiling and walls of the room were also moistened, and there seemed, judging from the direction and form of the traces of water, to have proceeded from

* *Medium*, May 14th, 1875, p. 306.

† *Transcendental Physics*, English Translation, p. 206.

several different jets of water, at the same time, from a point in the middle of the room, perhaps four feet high above our heads, as if a jet of water were to be discharged perpendicularly upon a plane where it would then spread itself out radially in all directions."

"I met with the same phenomenon . . . at a sitting with Slade, at which Herr Gillis, of St. Petersburg, was present."*

This entirely accords with my experience of the showering down of perfumes from a space apparently near the ceiling and over the table at which the circle was seated. In the chapter of these *Researches* in which I have treated of scents the reader will find various cases of the production of liquid scent, especially one in which a friend (F. W. P.) testifies to "feeling a stream of liquid scent poured out, as it were, from the spout of a teapot" into his hands.

It was, indeed, a common occurrence with us;† and at a later period I have repeatedly felt the crown of the head saturated with moisture that apparently exuded from the scalp. This was always strongly scented with odours that varied from time to time—sandal wood, verbena, and rose being favourites. The perfume so produced would be diffused throughout the room, and its intensity at times was very great. Of the perfumes and moisture there could be no doubt in the mind of any one who was present. Moreover, it was in intensity far stronger than any essences that could be bought. It was very copious at times, and was apparently designed to be remedial in its effect, as indeed it frequently was. Its appearance was generally followed by the disappearance of distressing neuralgic pains in the head, to which I was then very liable. With their loss the remedial measures ceased too.

The same phenomenon of the showering down of liquid perfume, and the passing of scent-laden breezes round the circle is observable in the presence of Mrs. Everitt.‡

There is one instance on record§ in which, Mrs. Guppy being the medium, remarkable evidence of the importation or materialisation of water in the solid form of ice is given. Though it is impossible to decide whether it comes in strict propriety under the latter head, with which alone I am now concerned, it is important enough to warrant me in referring to it. The medium was securely held, and more than an hour had elapsed after the commencement of the *séance*, when a loud crash on

* Zöllner, *Transcend. Phys.*, chap. xii., page 204.

† See *Spiritualist*, Dec. 4, 1874; Jan. 1, 1875.

‡ See a Report by Mr. Adshead in the *Spiritualist*, Oct. 2, 1874.

§ *Spiritualist*, Jan. 15, 1872.

the table was heard. This was discovered to be caused by the fall of a lump of ice about a foot long and an inch and a half thick. It began to melt almost immediately, and manifestly could not have been in the warm room for more than an hour.

Séance with the Spiritual Society of Florence.—Mr. Sam. Guppy says: "The room at my request had been made very warm, as at the previous *séance* we were shivering. First came a shower of fresh flowers, which fell all about the table while Mrs. Guppy's hands were held. The light was put out again, and in ten minutes a crash was heard on the table. On lighting, . . . we found a large lump of beautiful ice, about a foot long and one and a half inches thick, on the table. It began to melt immediately. This was more than an hour after the beginning of the *séance*."*

3. Flowers.

The introduction of flowers into a closed room, after strict search, is recorded repeatedly under conditions that leave nothing to be desired. With this, however, I have no concern. There are, besides these, many cases in which a materialised form has presented flowers which are temporarily rendered palpable to human senses.

In the case, to which I have often to refer as one of the best published, of Mr. Livermore's evidence, he states that the figure of his wife wore in her hair flowers to all appearance real, "the flowers, leaves, and stem to all appearance perfect, and smelling as if freshly gathered." He and others took them in their fingers, "and I carefully examined the stem and flowers."†

Repeated cases of the materialisation of flowers are recorded by Dr. Wolfe,‡ Mrs. Hollis being the medium. "A hand appeared [from the cabinet], holding a full-blown rose, of a deep, rich red; the flower-stalk, and the green leaves were also plainly to be seen." At other times, a lily, a cluster of violets, a purple "morning glory," and a strangely-shaped flower, "resembling in size and form a spring sparrow, with wings extended." After that "a rose, colourless and phantom-like"; then a huge water-lily, "filling the whole aperture of the cabinet." It is important to note that these were produced under good test conditions, in Dr. Wolfe's own house, of which Mrs. Hollis was at the time an inmate. The circle-room was at all times open to his inspection; he made his arrangements, and by constant intercourse with the invisible operators, became

* *Ice*. Report of Dialect. Society, p. 871. † *Proof Palpable*, p. 18, 19.

‡ *Startling Facts*, pp. 354, 508, 534.

in the end master of the situation, so that he was allowed to do what he pleased. It is impossible to overrate the difference between the spontaneous flow of phenomena under such conditions, and the extreme difficulty of obtaining any results worth notice, under strained conditions of suspicion and distrust. Under the latter conditions, if anything be obtained, it will be after weary waiting, and then very frequently the phenomena will be maimed and imperfect, or, possibly, will bear on its surface suspicious traces which the sceptical and suspicious mind will only too readily interpret unfavourably. In the former case—and to such alone we must look for good evidence worth consideration—the notion of tests vanishes in the perfect conviction engendered by the spontaneous flow and perfect character of the phenomena themselves. Of such a character seem to have been Dr. Wolfe's experiments with Mrs. Hollis.

On another occasion, when she was seated with him at a small table, which he had specially prepared for these experiments, under the table could be seen a spirit-light, which gradually grew more luminous and condensed until a beautiful flower was perfectly materialised. When this was completed, it was projected into the room. The flower was presented nine times. Our faces were not more than twelve inches from the flower.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable case of the materialisation of flowers is that recorded by several observers as having occurred through the mediumship of Mrs. Tappan (now Mrs. Richmond). A wreath of white garden lilies, perfect and fresh, was formed in the space of five minutes. The record is from Mrs. Burke, an eye-witness.*

"On the 16th inst., I joined a circle at the house of Mrs. Strawbridge, 84 Redcliffe Gardens, West Brompton. . . . A little music-room attached to the drawing-room, separated by a curtain, served as a cabinet. Mrs. Tappan was examined by Mrs. Tebb and Miss Dixon before retiring behind the curtain. When she appeared after a lapse of time, three to five minutes, during which two hymns were sung, her head was wreathed with white blossoms of the Madonna Lily, some fully open, others partially so, about twelve in number. Natural white garden lilies are not to be had at that time of year. Mrs. Tappan was found in a dim light, as she had been left, reclining on the sofa."

4. *Luminous Appearances.*

From the beginning of my investigation I have been familiar with a self-luminous crystal which was held in the hand of

* *Medium*, April 30, 1875.

John King's materialised form. I have seen the same appearance with various other mediums, and I shall have occasion to notice how a similar luminous body was repeatedly seen at our own séances.

I first noticed the luminous cake,* as I have elsewhere recorded, in the hands of Katie King the elder. I have since seen it in the hands of John King, Peter, and indeed of all the habitual attendants at public circles for materialisation.

Mr. Crookes† testifies thus :—" Under the strictest test conditions I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey's egg, float noiselessly about the room (at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tip-toe), and gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair."

I may add here that a precisely similar self-luminous body remained on one occasion on the table during one of our private séances,‡ without fading or going out of view for forty minutes and upwards. It moved freely about the room in various directions, striking the ceiling at request, and returning to the table. It was apparently covered with extremely fine drapery, and was placed more than once in our hands. This was a most remarkable phenomenon. Mr. Crookes, who has seen a veritable spirit lamp, beside the imitation made by a vessel of phosphorised oil, states that the colour of the two lights is different. To this I may add that it is necessary to renew the light made by phosphorised oil at repeated short intervals, by admitting air into the vessel which contains it. My readers will, therefore, appreciate the value of the evidence of the genuineness of this light furnished by its appearance for over forty minutes without fading or being removed from view. It was beside us on a small table all the time, except during its short excursions about the room, and was not lost sight of for a moment.

5. *Various.*

There are, in addition, records of the presentation of various objects which must be referred to materialisation, but which are not of sufficient importance to occupy attention here. The hands projected from the cabinet during a séance are frequently decked with jewelled rings and bracelets, which no doubt owe

* *Vide* chapter on "Lights."

† *Researches*, p. 91.

‡ *Spiritualist*, Jan. 16, 1874.

their origin to the same process by which the hand itself has been formed, as well as the silk sleeve with lace trimmings which adorns it. Dr. Wolfe records that various cases of hands projected from under his séance-table were jewelled. On one occasion,* a string of pearls that appear to have decked a materialised spirit hand were placed in his palm and drawn across the back of his hand. They seemed to have a certain weight. This experiment was repeated, and Mr. Plympton reports—"A hand presented itself with strings of pearls depending from it, in several positions. To the touch these materialisations had an almost impalpable substance, cool and softer than down."

I have myself had on two occasions the best evidence of the materialisation of small pearls, two of which I have in my possession. I put out my finger to touch one as it was forming on the table before me. I was too impatient, and the substance disappeared beneath my finger. I could feel it plainly, soft, and almost downy. When I lifted my finger it was gone. The two pearls now in my possession were formed in a precisely similar way, the medium being a lady whose name I have no authority to make public.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN. †

THE Life of her husband by Mrs. De Morgan possesses an interest to the Psychologist wholly apart from that which gives it value to the general reader. Professor De Morgan was one of the first—if he was not, indeed, the very first—of that distinguished class, the attainments of which have been acquired by strictly defined methods of investigating truth, which, for want of a more accurate definition, we are content to term *scientific*—who willed to investigate the *phenomena* of Spiritualism, and dared to avow his conviction of their genuineness.

Of the value at the time of Professor De Morgan's preface to his wife's admirable work, "From Matter to Spirit," few Spiritualists of a later day can have a full conception. Calm, cautious, caustic, it is indeed an admirable *pronunciamento*.

"I am perfectly convinced," he says, "that I have both seen

* *Startling Facts*, p. 518, 534.

† "Memoir of Augustus De Morgan. By his Wife, Sophia Elizabeth De Morgan. With Selections from his Letters." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1882.

and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things *called* spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

Occupied in so many other directions, Professor De Morgan would seem to have been content to abandon the fuller and deeper examination of these phenomena to his wife—and it could not have fallen into better hands.

This subject was, probably, scarcely one admitting of being very copiously dealt with in a biography, the substantial subject and matter of which is of necessity addressed to a class of readers more capable of venerating the profound gifts of this distinguished man than of emulating that greatest of them all, the fearlessness and love of truth, which led him to the examination of these obscure phenomena, and to a recognition of their genuineness as such. But the book is not without indications of the interest which he took in such subjects and his readiness to address himself upon them to congenial natures.

The following two letters will be interesting to Psychologists:—

"TO THE REV. WM. HEALD.

"Dear Heald,— . . . Talking of curious powers, tell me what you think of the following story. It quite beats me. I have seen a good deal of mesmerism and have tried it myself on — for the removal of ailments which required much medicine, but which mesmerism met without medicine from the time it was employed. Of the curative powers of this agent I have no more doubt than one has of things which he has constantly seen for years. But this is not the point. I had frequently heard of the thing they call clairvoyance, and had been assured of the occurrence of it in my own house, but always considered it a thing of which I had no evidence, direct or personal, and which I could not accept till such evidence came.

"One evening I dined at a house about a mile from my own—a house in which my wife had never been *at that time*. I left at half-past ten, and was in my own house at a quarter to eleven. At my entrance my wife said to me, '*We have been after you,*' and told me that a little girl whom she mesmerised for epileptic fits (and who left her cured), and of whose clairvoyance she had told me other instances had been desired in the mesmeric state to follow me to — Street, to —'s house. The thing took place at a few minutes after ten. On hearing the name of the street, the girl's mother said—'*She will never find her way there. She has never been so far away from Camden Town.*' The girl in a moment got there. '*Knock at the door,*' said my wife. '*I cannot,*' said the girl; '*we must go in at the gate.*' (The house, a most unusual thing in London, stands *in* a garden: this my wife knew nothing of.) Having made the girl go in and knock at the door, or simulate it, or whatever the people do, the girl said she

heard voices upstairs; and being told to go up, exclaimed, 'What a comical house! There are three doors!' describing them thus.* (This is true, and it is not usual in any but large houses.) On being told to go into the room from whence voices came, she said, 'Now I see Mr. de Morgan, but he has a nice coat on, and not the long coat he wears here; and he is talking to an old gentleman, and there is another old gentleman, and there are ladies.' This was a true description of the party, except that the other gentleman was not *old*. 'And now,' she said, 'there is a lady come to them, and is beginning to talk to Mr. De Morgan and the old gentleman, and Mr. De Morgan is pointing at you, and the old gentleman is looking at me.' About the time indicated, I happened to be talking with my host on the subject of mesmerism, and having mentioned what my wife was doing, or said she was doing, with the little girl, he said, 'Oh! my wife must hear this,' and called her, and she came up and joined us in the manner described. The girl then proceeded to describe the room; stated that there were two pianos in it. There was one, and an ornamental side-board not much unlike a pianoforte to the daughter of a poor charwoman. That there were two kinds of curtains, white and red, and curiously looped up (all true to the letter) and that there were wine, and water, and biscuits on the table. Now my wife, knowing that we had dined at half-past six, and thinking it impossible that anything but coffee could be on the table, said, 'You must mean coffee.' The girl persisted, 'wine, water, and biscuits,' which was literally true, it not being what people talk of under the name of a glass of wine and a biscuit, which means sandwiches, etc., but strictly wine, water, and biscuits. Now, all this taking place at twenty minutes after ten, was told to me at a quarter to eleven. When I heard that I was to have such an account given, I only said, 'Tell me all of it, and I will not say one word'; and I can assure you, that during the narration, I took the most especial care not to utter *one syllable*. For instance, when the wine, and water, and biscuits came up, my wife, perfectly satisfied that it must have been coffee, told me how the girl persisted, and enlarged upon it as a failure, giving parallel instances of cases in which the clairvoyants had been right in all things but one. All this I heard without any interruption. Now that the things happened to me as I have described, at twenty minutes after ten, and were described to me as above, at a quarter to eleven, I could make oath. The curtains I ascertained next day, for I had not noticed them. When my wife came to see the room, she instantly recognised a door which she had forgotten in her narration.

"All this is no secret. You may tell whom you like, and give my name. What do you make of it? Will the never-failing doctrine of *coincidence* explain it?

"I find that there are people who think that the house in the gar-

* A little diagram is given of these doors (she counted three, but indicated more) in the letter.—S. E. DE M.

den, the number of doors on the landing, the two gentlemen, besides myself and ladies, the red and white curtains, the singularity of the loops, the two so-called pianos, the lady joining myself and one old gentleman, apart from the rest; the wine, water and biscuit; the truth of the whole, and the absence of anything false, are all things that may reasonably enough arise by coincidence, when the daughter of a poor charwoman (twelve years old) undertakes to tell a lady all about where her husband is dining in a house where neither has ever been. I have seen other things since, and heard many more, but this is my chief personal knowledge of the subject.—Yours very sincerely,
 “A. DE MORGAN.”

“TO THE REV. W. MASON.*

“Adelaide Road, August 13, 1869.

“DEAR MASON,—As touching myself, I get stronger gradually. I am slowly getting my books into order, which is a long job. I have no more information of any decided character than is to be found in my wife's book, ‘From Matter to Spirit.’ I retain my suspense as to what the phenomena mean, but I am as fully persuaded as ever of their reality.

“The presence of the dead is a thing widely felt, but by certain temperaments. Bishop Jebb is an instance of no very forcible kind, because the two worlds had been in constant connection in his mind. I will give you a more curious one. An actuary, a man of science and keen searcher after old printing, married a second cousin of mine. He was a cheerful and kind-hearted man, but to all appearance as thoroughly unspiritual as a man could be. I never heard a word drop from him which made it appear that another life was his familiar thought. He was, though moderate in drinking, rather fond of eating, and skilled in it. The ladies of his acquaintance who had dinners to give, would consult him on all details. The wife, to whom he was devoted, died, and he himself fell into a weakly state. I used to sit with him by the hour. A few weeks before his death I found him debilitated by a long conference he had had with a lady about a dinner she had to give: this merely to show that his mind was not turned to the subject of death by anything external. He suddenly turned to me and said, ‘De Morgan, my wife is often with me.’ I was astonished, not at the phenomenon, but at *his* being the recipient. ‘Often?’ said I. ‘Every evening,’ said he, ‘and oftener.’ ‘Do you see her?’ said I. ‘No,’ said he, ‘but I *feel her presence*.’ By these three words hangs a long tale.—With kind regards to your family, yours sincerely,
 “A. DE MORGAN.”

* This was in answer to a letter, in which Mr. Mason asks him, if able to give him, “some information on the interesting subject to which you alluded in your last.” “I have long thought,” Mr. Mason says, “that departed spirits are often with those they left at death. When Bishop Jebb had been for some time under paralytic seizure, he said on his recovery, that in prospect of death, he had felt that he should be as truly with his friends after death as he was when speaking to them!”—S. E. DE M.

Within the space of two years from the date of the letter, the writer himself had entered the next life. We will now revert to the earlier portion of the "Memoir."

In a few touches, Mrs. De Morgan gives an interesting picture of the friendship existing between the young Augustus De Morgan and her distinguished father, William Frend. It was just before he (Mr. De Morgan) "became a candidate for the Professorship of Mathematics" that he became acquainted with the father of his future wife. "He looked," she tells, "so much older than he was, that we were surprised by hearing his real age—just twenty-one." She was nineteen. "We soon found out," she continues, "that this *rising man*, of whom great things were expected in science, and who evidently read so much, could rival us in love of fun, fairy tales, and ghost stories, and even showed me a new figure in a cat's cradle. He was in person very like what he continued through life. . . . My father, who, like people who had made their own belief, was a little impatient in argument, at first thought him an unbeliever, and so in a certain sense he was; but it was only in such things as he could not find a reason for believing. I mention religious questions, because they entered much into our thoughts and conversations at that time. As for the Gospels, he waited for a better and more critical understanding of them than could be gained from his first instructors, and this a rather extensive reading of theology enabled him to acquire before he left this world. When I first knew him, I was puzzled by such books as Volney's 'Ruins of Empires,' Sir W. Drummond's writings, and other works of antiquarian research, to which a great interest in our friend Godfrey Higgins's investigations had led me. Mr. De Morgan showed me the scientific errors of some of these writers, and the insufficiency of their theories to account for all that they tried to explain. He was well informed in Eastern astronomy and mythology; and saw that much of modern doctrine has gained something of its form, at least, from ancient symbolism." In a note to this passage, Mrs. De Morgan adds this pertinent remark—"All scholars must see that the time is approaching when a better knowledge of ancient religions will show that they have been misunderstood, and that they are not entirely fictitious, or entirely astronomical. If this were the place, it would not be difficult to show the connection of all." "Lieutenant-Colonel Briggs," she continues, "his uncle by marriage, had begun his 'Perishta,' and his nephew's interest in the work had brought him much into the society of Oriental scholars. The ancient grandeur and simplicity of the East at once excited and satisfied his imagination. He sometimes said that India, with its skies and mountains,

' might be really worth looking at, whereas he never saw any scenery in England which he could not picture to himself something infinitely grander. He was proud of his birth in the sacred city of Madura."

In connection with one of Professor De Morgan's relatives, on the maternal side, General Briggs, an able officer and indefatigable student of Eastern languages, history, and science, Mrs. De Morgan in a note gives the following ghostly experience which occurred to Dr. Briggs, the father of this distinguished Indian officer. She says—

" Dr. Briggs' ghost story, well known in the Madras Presidency ninety years ago, was one of the best authenticated incidents of the kind I ever heard. I give it here as it was told me, first by Mr. De Morgan, who heard it from his mother; afterwards by General Briggs, who had it when a young man from Sir John Malcolm. His father could not be induced to speak of it. When my informant was a very young infant, Dr. Briggs, who was quartered with his regiment somewhere (I forget the place) in the hill country, used to hunt once or twice a week with the officers and others, whose custom it was to breakfast at each other's houses, after the sport was over. On a day on which it was Dr. Briggs' turn to receive his friends he awoke at dawn, and saw a figure standing beside his bed. He rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake, got up, crossed his room, and washed his face with cold water. He then turned, and seeing the same figure, approached it, and recognised a sister whom he had left in England. He uttered some exclamation, and fell down in a swoon, in which state he was found by the servant who came to call him for the hunt. He was, of course, unable to join his friends, who, when at breakfast on their return, rallied him on the cause of his absence. While they were talking he suddenly looked up aghast, and said trembling, ' Is it possible that none of you see the woman who stands there? She is my sister! I beg you all to make a note of this, for we shall hear of her death!' All present, sixteen in number, of whom Sir John Malcolm was one, made an entry of the occurrence and the date in their note-books, and by the first mail which could bring the news from England, the sister's death at the time was announced. She had, before leaving this world expressed a wish that she could see her brother, and leave her two young sons to his care. Dr. Briggs was a man of nerve and courage, and one to whom the idea of a spirit's appearance would, until that time, have been utterly ridiculous. The death of General Briggs some years since, at the age of ninety, makes it allowable to publish this story, which, however, he gave me for the purpose forty years ago."—P. 33.

A review of this work, in those aspects of it in which it will be of most interest to the general reader, scarcely falls within the function of this review; but all pictures of the

minds of men are of interest to the Psychologist, and this was assuredly a very real man. In his varied attainments and interests; in his quick grasp of the essential spirit of things; in the power of the mind to turn from one to the other of the varied aspects of a subject under examination; in his ready wit and genuine sense of humour; in a certain largeness and virility; in a weightiness—not absolutely without something of ponderosity—this picture of the man, limned mainly in his own letters—recalls to the mind many of the lineaments of character with which Boswell has made us familiar in the person of Dr. Johnson.

It only remains to add, that the work is written in that spirit of calmness and love of truth, and with that clearness and simplicity of style which give a power and a grace to whatever proceeds from the pen of Mrs. De Morgan.

A. A. WATTS.

DIFFICULTIES OF BELIEF IN THE INCARNATION OF THE WORD.

A STUDY IN BÖHME'S SCHOOL.

By A. J. PENNY.

"No doctors are to be found on this way, in this school, but only learners" (J. Boehme's *Three Principles*, chap. ix., par. 9).

My excuse for bringing to the *Psychological Review* a subject which, at the first glance, appears very unsuitable, is, that I believe the great mystic Boehme, and Spiritualists of later date also, have something to offer of value towards its elucidation.

The doctrine of the incarnation of the Word of God is at the present time the opprobrium of Christian faith among a large and increasing class of earnest seekers after truth. This may be taken—by unthinking zealots it always is—as an alarming sign of the impiety of our times. And it is undeniable that to the licentious and self-indulgent all that is involved in that doctrine must be so distasteful as to ensure a strong bias against it; all the stronger because it is unconscious—the instinctive warp of human nature against all that crosses inclination. If, in the language of St. John, the Word has *not* been "made flesh," the history of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ as little concerns us as the sufferings of many another guileless benefactor, and the cross of Christ need no longer cast its shadow in the feeble sunshine of worldly prosperity. Human nature in us all dislikes being told that his Cross was an indispensable factor of our only *lasting* joys, and that every one of us must endure proportionate burdens of suffering. I question if any *child* of man ever hears this truth announced without detestation and secret denial. And "every one may know that thoughts flow and tend toward their objects ac-

cording to intentions, for thought is man's internal sight, which, like the external sight, is turned and fixed by the will."* Now, no one naturally intends to deny self, and even children know that for consistent believers in Jesus Christ self-denial is a necessity. Nevertheless, after fully admitting these antagonistic tendencies, I cannot but regard this refusal of belief among many of our most thoughtful and righteous contemporaries, as a symptom of more, rather than of less, vitality in Godward relations. Their insatiable demand for sincerity of belief, for reaching the root and ground of professed creeds, appears to me far more hopeful than the incurious acceptance of authoritative teaching in older times. We surely could not return to the devotional standards of the last century, for instance, with all its laborious theological accuracy, and wonderful torpor as to the service of Christ in his members, without feeling put back to spiritual childhood; and though what we call rationalism in such matters is folly (for one might as well expect the stomach by digestion to give us mastery of a problem of Euclid, as Reason, with only the data afforded by time, to understand the transactions of the Eternal God with man—which, if known at all, *must* be revealed from a higher plane of being), yet Reason does very good service to faith in the keenness of its search for all that is foisted into our creed by misapprehension of revealed truth. The errors of rationalism begin when it tries to square divine revelations by the measures of common sense, and then, of course, the best efforts of Reason can scarcely be wiser than the prattle of children in the nursery about the doings and purposes of their parents.

That now such a strain is put upon religious faith by the philosophical curiosity of our day, looks as if its desire had been awakened by the guiding spirits of this world in order to prepare us for new light; for it is probable that, until the mind of the race had made some fair advance in Christianised philosophy, sacred mysteries would assume aspects quite untenable by minds of fuller growth. And it must be confessed that, so many erroneous *adjuncts* have from time to time been detached from our religious belief by growing enlightenment, that any longer to try and enforce it by saying, "such and such facts are true because the religious world so interprets the Bible," is a mistake—a foredoomed failure. The doubter may sneer, or politely pass by the conclusion in silence, but he cannot accept it, and is apt to suspect such religious tenets of tending to weaken the brain when observing that any one expects he should.

What would better serve to convince is the discovery of such spiritual laws as bring the articles of our creed into some harmony with recognised facts in human nature. If I can do this in the slightest degree, my dearest ambition will be satisfied; for I heartily pity those who from any cause cannot share my belief in a Saviour who is both God and Man. I pity them, because so great a demand on *unreasoning* faith naturally irritates people of a sceptical turn of

* Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, par. 532.

thought, and any irritation so caused tells most unhappily upon spiritual life.

More surprising to me, and perhaps for immediate results more pitiable, are those who, justly thinking it their duty with regard to co-religionists to keep doubts to themselves, even in their own inner world give these no thorough examination, stifling every thought which would press closer to the mystery, as if peace and any remaining tie to old moorings depended on thrusting back every misgiving into those dim recesses of subconsciousness where so much feeling and thought gains strength before we allow it recognition. And how, without a firm hold on this central doctrine, Christian life can grow and prosper, practically betraying no lack of faith in the divinity of the professed Master (as I know it may) is, to my thinking, one of the most marvellous proofs of the inconsequence of human thought. Jesus Christ, if not the Word of God, and sent of God as his beloved Son, must have been a self-deceived man; and yet those who deny his divinity, in any exceptional sense, will speak of him as a Teacher of supreme wisdom and truthfulness! Without ever feeling disquiet from doubts of his divinity,—because from childhood I was taught to believe what I was unable in the faintest degree to understand—the urgent appetite of my mind for intellectual satisfaction has given me much sympathy with those who are of a contrary habit, who insist on trying to understand before they “pretend to believe.” Too often the real process that goes on is just the reverse of this; they pretend to understand what is or is not credible before they have tried to believe. And if a creed is worth anything, if there are higher spiritual beings than man, even as to knowledge alone,—if a spirit prisoned in a mortal body is unlikely to see all round the antecedents of birth, and conditions consequent on death, this process is, to say the least of it, too hazardous for Reason itself to justify.

At the risk of shocking readers who may deem it a profane inquiry, I propose to state what have been my most insoluble puzzles as to the Incarnation of Deity, forcibly to face the offence found by Reason in this being thought possible, and then to give those reconciling views for which I am myself profoundly thankful.

That “*thought is nothing but the form of the will, or the medium by which what a man wills may appear in the light*,”* is, I know, a truth that may be turned against me as well as against sceptics, for my will is ardently bent on shaking the firmness of their own non-belief in this point of Christian faith; but let conflicting thoughts be laid on the balance and possibly even those who “condemn as superstition the faith which is not also knowledge”† may begin to see that this despised faith might gain by increase of knowledge as much as they assume that it has lost.

The assertion in the Athanasian Creed, that there are three persons and one God in the God of our worship, is, of course, the first and

* *Heaven and Hell*, par. 500.

† *The Perfect Way to the Finding of Christ*, p. 31.

almost the greatest stumbling-stone: let theologians say what they will, generations of acute and thoughtful divines never have, and I suppose never will, clear it of the charge, that believing this is to believe in three Gods.* Notoriously this dogma, and all the ingenious subtleties by which it was defended, and over which the religionists of the fourth and fifth century wrangled, was what gave Mohammed his most justifiable *point d'appui*, and world-wide acceptance.

The Unitarians, refusing the doctrine of the Trinity, necessarily deny the divinity of Christ. A very short sentence of Boehme's gives, as I believe, the exact truth on this head, "*God is no person, save only in Christ*"—(*Mysterium Magnum*, chap. vii. par. 5)—what is the origin of that word *person*, but the mask through which one being speaks to another? The earthly humanity of the Word of God was that mask through which the incomprehensible, infinite love of the Father was communicated to man. But to believe this by no means clears away all difficulty as to distinctions so wide, as that of a sending and approving Father, and a self-sacrificing and obedient Son, in the One God; and what most of all strains our power of thought, is the difference being at once so complete and so unlike other distinctions of essence, that while Jesus was saying, "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30); and "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9); he could also say, "I do always those things that please him" (John viii. 29); and "I have prayed unto him," "I go to the Father," and the like. This amazing paradox can only be explained by the incarnation of the Word—the only-begotten Son of God. In no other way could these words be used than by one who had descended from deific conditions to a state of restricted self-consciousness and suppressed force. Though truly on a lower plane, this very same difficulty meets us when as Christians we acknowledge that the goodness of man is from the Spirit of God within him, and that yet by our own righteousness we can offer acceptable service. Surely this ought to offend Reason too! What is it, then, that can explain this, except that both in the case of Christ and of other human beings, a *soul* is the differencing power which makes it possible to please or displease God; for what is the soul but an emanation of a will which for ever remains its own, and that a true "sparkle of Omnipotence." It was, as I first learned from Boehme, by taking the *human soul* into Divine nature (I beg to have the precise meaning of that word remembered here—a *becoming*) that the Word of God

* Our properly orthodox teachers and churches while professing three persons, also retain the verbal profession of one person. They suppose themselves really to hold that God is one person. And yet they most certainly do not; they only confuse their understanding and call their confusion faith. This I affirm, not as speaking reproachfully, but, as I suppose, on the ground of sufficient evidence,—partly because it cannot be otherwise, and partly because it visibly is not. No man can assert three persons, meaning three consciousnesses, wills, and understandings, and still have any intelligent meaning in his mind, when he asserts that they are yet one person (Horace Bushnell's *God in Christ*, p. 116).

became creaturely, for only as a creature severed, so to speak, from Deity by the soul, *i. e.*, a centre of own will enabled to will according to God's will, could he have restored our race to life eternal.

But before that depth is explored a little closer, let us think what Unity means. Have we yet attained to a correct notion of its true sense? We call ourselves individuals—*ones*; and yet what strangely opposing natures fight and grow together under that delusive term! Doubtless, there is an individual being among them, but I doubt if we are at all able to detect which it is by action, or emotion, or thought. The soul—the hungry abyssal fire, with its original free-will—is the real *one* of us; but from this and to this how different are the spirits we evolve and attract! * Are we not often conscious of a severance in our subjective life between the commanding and approving or re-proving will, and the operative spirit which carries it out? Again, we learn from Swedenborg that a society of spirits makes a one; † that every unity is perfect in the degree in which it comprises variety: in which he agrees with Boehme, "Every essence is a secret arcanum, or mystery of a whole substance, and is thus a comprehension, an abyssal wonder of eternity, where many lives *without number* become generated, and yet it is altogether as it were but only one substance" ‡ (*Brief Summary of the Earthly and Heavenly Mystery*, text iv., par. 21). And St. Paul's expression, "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit" (1 Cor. vi. 17) gives colour to the hypothesis, that what makes *one* spirit is absolute identity of nature, and not limitation of person ality.

As I have found my master mystic give me more apprehensible ideas of what the Trinity in Unity is than I could ever gain else-

* Ich unterscheide mich—seele—von dem in welchem ich bin—Leib—und von dem was in mir ist—geist.—*F. Baader*.

(I discriminate between what I am—soul—from that in which I am—body—and from that which is in me—spirit).

† See note to par. 56 in Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, and par. 4 in his *Angelic Wisdom or Divine Providence*.

‡ See Mr. Oxley's *Angelic Revelations*, vol. iii., chap. 35, for most curious and interesting statements as to the composite being of even the human *person*. For example, at page 325, "The human organism is a collection of spirits drawn together by the Divine Spirit;" and again, page 337, "As every limb pertaining to the outer body has its distinct name and quality, even so the atoms whom we are pleased to call a part of yourself (because they cannot live without you) have each their distinct name and quality of action." Mr. T. L. Harris had intimated something akin to this in a sermon preached by him twenty-two years ago, in which he said, "If we admit this truth, that Nature itself is a series of external and visible forms grouped around living particles of spirit, which are the very souls of the forms, then it follows that, in laying off this external structure, we not only lay off the bodies of the particles, but we lay off the spirits of the particles. Christ laid off the spirits of the particles, and their bodies also; but Christ re-assumed that body, and the spirits of the particles in the bodies of the particles, and was able at once from the spirits of the particles to clothe himself with the bodies of the particles, or to unclothe himself of them; and so to be in time and space, or out of time and space; out of time and space in passing through closed doors; in time and space when standing before his disciples he said, 'Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.'" (Sermon on *Man's Relation to Nature*, preached at the Marylebone Institute, April 8, 1860.)

where, I shall quote two of his numerous attempts to bring that triune being within range of thought.

"The word *Father* is the eternal beginning of the working and willing in the threefold One of the Unity. The word *Son* is that which is effected or wrought by the power—viz., the *inclusibility* of the willing, wherein the threefold spirit closeth itself, viz., a place of the Divine *I-hood, or selfness*" (note that). "The word *spirit* is the living outgoing motion in the comprised or closed power; as by *similitude* a man may understand in a blossom or flower, the opening or working of the sprout or vegetable in the beginning." (N.B.—Fire is supposed to be the causative life even in vegetable growth.) "The power of the working is the surrounding, or corporeal inclusion of the sprout or vegetation, and the smell, which goeth forth out of the power, is the motion, or the sprouting outgoing joy-life of the power, out of which the blossom springeth forth" (*Explanation of the Table of Three Principles*, pars. 20-22).

Again, "understand the Father to be the *fiery* world, the Son the *light* and power world, and the Holy Spirit to be the life of the Deity, viz., to be the outgoing driving power; and yet all is but one God. As the *fire* and *light*, together with the *air*, are but one only substance, but yet divideth itself into three parts, and none can subsist without the other, for the fire is not the light, also not the wind which goeth forth out of the fire. Each hath its office, and each hath its own substance in itself, and yet each is the other's life, and a cause of the other's life" (*On the Incarnation*, part 2., chap. v., pars. 42-44).

What is undergone in England, every return of Trinity Sunday from the pulpit—and, no doubt, *in* the pulpit too—shows how little theology can offer of light on this theme. It has given many an elaborate account of what we *are* to understand by Trinity in Unity, without in any degree helping us to one clear thought about it. Nor do we find theologians willing to entertain the hope of any approach to clear ideas on such themes;* they are apt summarily to foreclose inquiry, whenever a question pierces deeper than orthodox verbiage, by saying that "the secret things belong unto God," and that it is trying to be "wise above that which is written," to put forward such inquiry; which seems strange and inconsistent when we recall the words of Jesus, "Ask, and ye shall receive,"—[why not light on the most vital points of our faith?—and "when the spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all truth."

If for centuries past all progress in the discovery of most momentous truth has been not only arrested, but forbidden as presumptuous, the inevitable conclusion is, that this spirit of truth has not been our guide. When it is faithfully invoked and obediently followed, we may be sure the Christian's creed will gradually become more intelligible.

* See for a striking exception the remarkable words of Mr. Mozley, in vol. ii. pp. 348-350, of his *Reminiscences of Oriel College*. Speaking of the doctrine of the Trinity, he adds, almost apologetically, "To me the whole matter is most painful and perplexing, and I should not even speak as I do now did I not feel on the threshold of the grave, and soon to appear before the Throne of all truth."

Having thus touched on the doctrine of the Triune God as a preliminary, I will now try to deal with the main subject of this paper—the objections, first to the *necessity*, and secondly to the *possibility*, of the Word being made flesh. If I shock any one by bringing to this stupendous mystery powers of thought so obviously inadequate, if my attempt recalls the oft-quoted line, “And fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” though these are the “things” which we read “the angels desire to look into” (1 Peter i. 12), I can only say I well know my unfitness and relative folly. But there are degrees of unwisdom, and we know that the very wise cannot always sufficiently *reduce* their power to the capacity of the very foolish; I therefore rush in hopefully, eager to offer borrowed light to some who could never be stigmatised as *fools*, but whose hostility to orthodox belief—quite as blinding as the bigotry of faith—appears to me most unpropitious for the acquirement of truth. And in another way, too, I am sadly well prepared for sympathy with unbelievers—by the coldness of heart, and feeble *intended* gratitude with which I can think of the adorable method of our redemption.

Why do we need any other source of good than God the Father, the one all-loving, all-embracing Father of Spirits? This is our natural thought. Let experience answer first as well as it can. Observe the outcome of this faith in One God, unmanifested except through temporal nature (a most terrible and misleading misrepresentation) in savage tribes, for example, who only know of the Great Spirit. Think of the abject terror which characterises their worship, and of the result of mistaking the forces of external nature for an expression of the mind of God. Murder, rapine, and lust being on all sides, if Nature reveals their God, the inference will naturally be that such procedures cannot displease Him, so long as men offer due obeisance and propitiate the Deity with such sacrifice as *they* think suitable.

Go higher in the scale of civilisation, and reflect on the state of Mahommedan countries. According to the report of eye-witnesses, devoutness is there, faith, charity, and submission to the Divine will, all in such sincerity as might put Christian people to shame by contrast; but wanting any exponent of Divine nature in a human being, their ideal of the heaven of perfected humanity is but an eternity of sensuous delight. The consequences of such a standard and such a hope are too well known to be worth mention.

Again, among our nearest neighbours on the Continent—notwithstanding their creed—the number of glorified saints and advocates appealed to in Heaven seemed, before the noisy Atheism now in fashion, to have crowded out any idea of Deity more sublime and awful than that of the “Bon Dieu;” good enough for help at a pinch when fear or surprise startled human nature, but not so severe as to notice or be angered by its pleasant sins; and thus all religion is reduced to a cheerful easy-going compromise between contempt and trust. For the result of leaving the unmeasurable gulf between ideas of God and man unbridged by belief in a mediator, either in theory

or in habitual thought, is the conclusion that God being "past finding out," taketh no knowledge of perishing mortals, and is a power to be reckoned with on whom our affections can have no hold; or, on the other hand, the real danger of what is called anthropomorphism, when we begin to think God such a one as ourselves, accommodating to sin, and more indulgent than just.

But *such a one* as ourselves would not be true man, and there lies the danger. We attribute to God, not the perfect humanity which we have lost, but the feelings, nay, the weaknesses, of corrupt and degraded man.

Let Swedenborg speak next. "The Lord came into the world that he might be made the Divine *existere* from the Divine *Esse*." . . . "The Infinite *Esse* cannot flow into Heaven with the angels, nor with men, except through the Divine Human, nor is any other Divine perceived in Heaven but the Divine Human." . . . "It is impossible to think of God except in a human form; but what is incomprehensible falls into no idea, and therefore is no object of faith, for man is capable of worshipping what he has some idea of, but not what he has no idea of" (Notes to page 87 of *Heaven and Hell*).

But what runs counter to belief in this Divine humanity is a feeling that the office of Jesus Christ is superfluous in the relations between God and man;—the argument in many a thoughtful mind being that omnipotent love having created man, must surely be able to save him from sin and the results of sin: that if not, it was cruel to create, and that the guilt and misery of man incriminates the character of his Creator. This was the thought that used to vex me until I won to Boehme's light upon it; and though it requires rather a long *going round* to share that light, yet any trouble in writing or in reading will be well repaid if thus the least part of his satisfying truths can be imparted.

I am sure every one will agree with me that the thought "*somehow*," is the usual quietus of the human mind when in practical concerns we see that a thing *has* to be done, without the faintest guess of how it can be; and our conceptions of the potency of this *somehow* enlarge according to the greatness and remoteness of the agents on whose efficiency we thus reckon. Towards power human nature is invariably pitiless, and consequently unjust, crediting it with unwillingness or refusal to rectify all wrongs, real or supposed, because it seems so strong, and yet they remain. Hence we say, how can an Almighty God permit all the sin and suffering of men? for if vague ideas of man *somehow* performing impossibilities can be entertained, how much more do we expect Omnipotence to overcome every kind of obstacle by direct action (yet while we use the word Omnipotence, we know it is powerless to make what we did or said yesterday *undone—unsaid*). And though in our visible world we find that *nothing* goes on independently of laws of action, neither in minds or bodies; that what Bishop Butler called "the nature of things" prevails universally, we should probably think it almost profane to suppose that there are any laws of action in higher worlds as binding

and invariable. One of my first debts of gratitude to Boehme is this—he makes us understand that there is an *eternal nature* as well as temporal nature, and that the action of the Most High God is according to the laws of that eternal nature. But as soon as we hear of *law* in Divine action, we shrink as if instrumentality implied restriction; the vagueness of our thought makes the notion of God employing means to an end appear derogatory to Omnipotence;—appear only—for taking even our own little lives as an example, one moment's reflection shows that direct action of any kind involves far *less* power than setting in motion a complicated chain of causative agencies. And I think every student of the Bible must have been struck by the frequent mention of the Lord God *seeking for means* to effect his purpose towards man. Our usual thought is, if God wills it to be done, he can cause it to be done without our troubling ourselves. Yet throughout the Bible we find him suing for the consenting will of man, as for a power with which he had to deal, not by his power, but by secondary and persuasive influences.

Now, the *necessity* of the Word being made flesh arose from just this, the inalienable right of human will. On this profound mystery I can only give verbatim the leading into some measure of light which Boehme has given me.

“The abyssal unsearchable Will in the beginning divided itself and compressed itself into substance, that it may work in somewhat” (*On Divine Vision*, chap. i., par. 28).

“If the Eternal Will did not itself flow forth from itself, and introduce itself into receptibility, then there would be no form nor distinction, but all powers would be nothing else but one only power” (*Theosophic Questions*, quest. iii., par. 8).

“And that outflowing is a beginning of the willing where the understanding hath parted itself into forms, and so the forms became each desirous in itself also to have an object of its like. And that very desire hath been an inclusion or comprehension of the selfhood. The somewhat hath enclosed or compressed itself to an own willing, for this own will is a ground of its selfhood, and shutteth itself in as a desirous will, whence the magnetic impression to sharpness and hardness hath taken its original, *and is a ground of darkness and of the painful perception*” (*Divine Vision*, chap. i., pars. 36, 37).

Again, “The Nothing” (by which Boehme means the Infinite abyss of Deity that contains *all* indifferenced by any *somewhat*) “doth will out from itself that it might be manifested, and the somewhat doth will in to itself that it may be perceptible in the Nothing” (*Theosophic Questions*, quest. iii., par. 18).

Here we have in a few words the first cause of evil being possible—the somewhat in every nature “doth will in to itself,” and that derived will having for its central root all the forces of eternal nature, these necessarily further and maintain that self-centring process; and had the process not been arrested in its right evolution it would have continued to preserve the life of the *Image* of God. Now, to *force the emanated will in any direction* would be an impossibility even

to Omnipotence, for it would be, according to Boehme's showing, partial extinction of that awful pre-creative fire from which all souls exist.

"The anger fire, in the outflow will of the receptibility is a ground of the Eternal Nature, out of which the angels and souls of men have received their ground" (*Theosophic Questions*, quest. iii., par. 36).

"No creaturely spirit can subsist in the creature without the fire world; for even the love of God would not be if his anger or the fire world were not in him: the anger or the fire of God is a cause of the light, of the power, strength, and omnipotency. But in the love the fire dieth, and transmuteth itself into the kingdom of joy" (*Third Apology*, text i., pars. 57, 58).

"If there were no fire, there would be no light; if there were no light, there would be neither nature nor substance, and God would not be manifested" (*Second Apology*, part i., par. 141).

Now, when the soul of these own-willed creatures had been infected by an inimical will, and sin poisoned selfhood, the declension of the human race from bad to worse was certain; and what could be done for its cure?

"God would change the wrath of God in the human property into love. Now, his anger was a might of the fire and wrath, and was inflamed in man." . . . "It would not be enough that God should remain in heaven, and only look upon the humanity with love; it could not be that the anger and wrath should thereby yield its might and strength, and freely give itself into the love: as the fire is not made better by the light, it still holds its wrath notwithstanding in itself; but when a meek essence, as water, comes into the fire, then the fire goes out." . . . "The human fire-life consists in the blood, and therein rules the wrath of God; now another blood, which was born of God's love essence must enter into the angry human blood" (*Signatura Rerum*, chap. xi, pars. 7 to 10).

(I break off in an unfinished sentence, not to spare the patience of readers, for no one impatient of such quotations will have got thus far, but because the last part would not begin to be intelligible till I had gone further in the argument.)

As regards this "meek essence," water, we must remember that Boehme speaks of it *usually* in the sense of *potential* substance—as, indeed, all matter originates in water—which may help us to understand the literal truth of the saying of Jesus, "Except a man be born of water and the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"—(John iii. 5)—for "*without substance no working can be*" (*Boehme on the Testaments* chap. ii., par. 11). And if the new creature of regeneration is to be made alive, the new *body* must be formed, EVERY spirit needing a body.

But how was Divine substantiality to be brought back into the human soul? It had faded when Adam "imagined into the earthliness;" "its *light* was extinguished, the Spirit of this world had swallowed it up (as the water devoureth the brightness of the flaming iron), for the will of the soul was entered into the Spirit of this

world" (*Threefold Life*, chap. viii., par. 65). That will went farther and farther from its only true good, every man turning to his *own* way. And if that holy *substance* is to be formed, and the right image of godlike man restored, it *must* be formed from within; *the soul must generate the right spirit*, thus rekindling the light with its resultant meekness. "*The meekness of the light causeth substantiality*" *Aurora*, chap. xi., par. 92). Omnipotence could not superimpose that glorious nature, nor could another soul be given to man. Therefore came Jesus, our Immanuel, and assumed the human soul.

Let me recapitulate Böhme's definition of *soul*, for until his account of it is clearly apprehended, all that follows will miss its aim.

"The soul is in its substance a magic fire-source out of or from God the Father's *nature*; it is a great desire for light, as, indeed, God the Father, in great desire from eternity, desireth his heart, viz., the centre of the light, and generateth it in his desiring will out of the fire's property, as the light becometh generated out of the fire. Yet, now there can be no fire but there must also be the *root* to the fire, viz., the centre, or the forms, or qualities of nature [the seven forms of eternal nature are here referred to], and *that* the soul also hath in itself, and bringeth forth out of the forms of nature, viz., out of the dark world, which in its source or quality of the *desire* driveth itself forth to the fire, for that desireth the liberty, viz., the light" (*On the Complexions*, chap. i., par. 14, 15).

I shall trouble the reader with few such *confusing* quotations as *this*, but it is essential to this enquiry, and no one who once masters it will ever again confound soul and spirit. For "the *soul* hath the seven properties of the inward spiritual world according to *nature*, but the *soul's spirit* is without properties, for it standeth without or beyond nature" * (*Explanation of the Table of the Three Principles*, par. 5).

In his *Mysterium Magnum*, chap. xv., par. 15, Böhme carefully ex-

* The fact of the soul having the seven properties of eternal nature appears to me a sufficient key to the common enigma—that not only are all *men* seemingly more strongly animal than the majority of women, but that often in the most spiritually-minded men a very robust animal basis is distinguishable. That they are incontestably the superior half of the divided human being in magnanimity as well as force is also proven, if Böhme is right (which I cannot doubt), in attributing to man more of the soul, and to women more of the spirit, for "*the soul*," he says, "*is the eternal good*, so that the feminine principle longeth after the heart of man, viz., after the soul" (*Threefold Life*, chap. ix., par. 112). And if with its greater fire man imagines into the light world, and educes the image of God in his spirit, must it not be a brighter, stronger, representative than where the original fiery nature having had less hold, there is less fire to be enkindled when the transmuting process of death to self goes on? And I suppose both men and women must recognise the fact that in the best women and the holiest there is usually a certain want of that deepness of earth which alike prevents good grain from springing up forthwith, and from dying down as fast also. No need to add that in too many men that same deepness of earth seems to swallow up the seed and stifle germination altogether. Surely woman's dominant attribute of *light*, if only dying to self, she maintains it, is so heavenly and so much more akin to spiritual joy, that she has no cause to be offended at this admission, or to covet man's share in the human whole.

plains the difference of what we loosely call by the same title of soul : "The inward fire-breath is the true eternal creatural *soul*, and the light's breath is the true understanding *spirit* of the soul, and the outward *air-breath* is the rational soul in the vegetative bestial life, wherein man ruleth over all the creatures of this world." But he adds soon after (par. 24)—"And yet not three souls but only one ; yet it standeth in three principles, viz., in the kingdom of God's anger, and in the kingdom of God's love, and in the kingdom of this world."

Also, he tells us that the soul of the race is one. "All souls qualify or sympathise in one ; they come all out of or from one ; they are altogether all of them one only tree of many branches." And "God hath created but *one only soul*" (*Four Complexions*, chap. i., par. 84 ; *Apol.* I., part ii., par. 465).

I cannot but think that a firm grasp of the idea here given that soul is the part of human nature identical in all, continued by unbroken generation of soul from soul, as much as any number of fires kindled from one fire are identical in all, will give meaning to much that has hitherto been confused and almost without sense.

Soul is one, spirit and resultant body exgenerated of soul, differenced according to the will and desire awakened in the soul. And here, I fancy, I find the long sought clue to the puzzle of absolutely different peoples on the globe, unlike in colour, stature, language, and character, yet all descending from the same ancestors. Our Bible tells us that all nations of the earth were made of one blood ; now "*the blood*," says Bœhme (*Forty Questions*, quest. vii., par. 10), "*is a house of the soul*." But imagining into very dissimilar objects of desire must have produced many kinds of spirits, and the seven forms of eternal nature being (according to him) constituents of the soul as the centre of nature, it is evident the ceaseless struggle of these for dominancy would necessarily vary the will, desire, spirit, and body. I give the sequence in Bœhme's words ; on hardly any point is he more precise and emphatic.

St. Martin seems to take this view when he says :—"La loi des générations des divers principes tant intellectuels que physiques qui composent l'homme est si impérieuse et si souverainement puissante qu'en quelque région qu'il porte son désir il y trouvé bientôt un matras, quelque'il soit, pour recevoir est modifier son image, vérité immense et terrible qui embrasse depuis la région primitive de l'homme jûsqu' à la région des abîmes, et qui donne la clef de toutes les corporisations mixtes et diffôrmes dont on nous offre tant d'exemples dans les histoires traditionnelles des peuples dans l'histoire mythologique, et dans l'histoire physique ; vérité qui, en même temps nous montre à combien de dangers et d'altérations est exposée la génération de l'homme depuis sa chute, puisque toutes les images qui proviennent de lui, se modifient selon les lois de la région de la classe, et de l'espèce, soit visible soit invisible, vers lesquelles il laisse incliner son désir ; vérité, enfin, qui nous offriroit de si terribles dégradations dans ces images, que la pensée s'en désespérait."* But—"When the Divine Image in

* *De l'Esprit des Choses*, Vol. I., p. 62.

Adam was vanished or disappeared, then God pitied it, and would that this Image might be restored again, and promised to Adam and Eve, the crusher of the Serpent, viz., the Word and power of the Deity that should take the woman's seed [understand the disappeared image's essence] into itself, and therewith to destroy the sting of the devil and the anger of God in the soul" (*Apology* I., part ii., par. 279).

And now I come to a point where even Boehme has given me words which as yet do not convey a clear meaning, and to acknowledge ignorance is always better than attempting to make up for it by mental *fumbling*. When he says that the Logos *spoke himself into humanity*, I cannot seize his idea, but that the saving office of our Divine Champion is conterminous with *all* time I clearly see, and wish that greater prominence was given to *this* part of Christian faith, in proportion to the stress of attention so almost exclusively made on his short earthly life. A remark which I venture to quote from the letter of a most sincere and able thinker, shows the natural consequences of this. "All my philosophy, nay, my religious instincts, revolt against staking the eternal interests of man on temporal and phenomenal events, which must be open to criticism and doubt even could such be otherwise satisfactory." No wonder they do. But the Bible is not answerable for this unwise concentration of faith on a period of thirty-three years. "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," is a very significant reminder that before Abraham was the I AM had given Himself to the work of Atonement.

If anything is clear in the Gospels it is that Jesus identified himself with the "I AM" of Mosaic times, and that the mercy covenanted to Adam's race took effect—in some degree—ages before the Word was made flesh in this phenomenal world; but the blank spot in my mental vision which meets me here is, that I can discern nothing more definite than that the grace of God was given, but by what channel before the birth of the Christ I cannot see. Whereas, if we believe that the Word of God assumed the human soul, and tintured it with heavenly fire and light,—though I do not pretend to *understand* what these words mean, yet I can after a fashion *apprehend* it—we are shut up, as it seems to me, to two conclusions. *First*, that the soul is a continuous stream of life which has no breaks from the creation of the first man till the present hour; and let us pause once again upon that question—What do *we* understand by soul? Generally, I suppose, a separate individual being. Now, supposing the minute atomic globules which the microscope reveals to us in the sap of some plants—the *valisneria*, for instance—were conscious of life as we are conscious of it, is it not pretty certain that each would call itself *I*, and feel and believe itself a distinct monad? We who break off a piece of a plant and notice the green blood of its life call it sap from our superior standpoint. I have little doubt that human souls so far exactly correspond to these microscopic vessels of vegetative growth

as that we might think of the stream of Adam's tree in history as quite as homogeneous and continuous as the sap of one kind of plant; and be close to truth in that thought. Admitting this, it would be strictly reasonable to suppose that the race being in this sense *one*, whatever got into that blood—tinctured it as Bœhme says—would *necessarily* affect the whole human tree. *Secondly*, That as such divine tincture, being from the Omnipotent source of life, *must* affect the whole stream backwards and forwards, the fearful notion that the soul's salvability ends with bodily death is for ever disposed of. If all are to be made alive in the second Adam as in the first all died, then the efficacy of the birth and death of Christ *must* be virtual to souls out of, as well as in the flesh body; and it will surely be the astonishment of future ages that devout believers in Jesus Christ could speak of his salvation, and of the stupendous expedient by which his love brought it about, in the terms they do, when by salvation *they* mean nothing more than a *salvability* under most precarious conditions of circumstance during an average period of much less than a hundred years! Let them not fear a corresponding shortness of view on the part of those who believe that God can and will ultimately rescue His lost children; when we speak of this confident hope, it is of such strength that it can consist with the belief that long ages of *curative* anguish may interfere in many seemingly desperate cases.

It is with a sense of real relief that I proceed from all this long digression to the point of *how*,—since if evil was to be withstood in the human soul it could only be by a *voluntary* resistance—the birth of Christ *from* it began and secured man's victory over evil. “*Spiritual consequences*,” says Greaves, “*cannot be wrought by the spirit without the mediating agency of souls*,” because, pray observe, the ever working wheel of the seven forms of eternal nature are in the *soul*—not possibly in the *spirit*. Into this forge of spiritual formations Jesus brought the perfect will of love's sacrificial obedience. He was—in Christ—the first being born in mortal flesh who could say, “I come to do thy will, O God. *I am content to do it*.” The perfect Man found no opposition of self-will to filial obedience; but his whole earthly life was consequently one of direct antagonism to all the corrupt tendencies of fallen man, for he came to convert—literally to turn round to an opposite aim, the diseased volition of the race. This he recognised when he said, “Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword” (Matt. x. 34)—the keen two-edged sword of the Word.

Let us learn from Bœhme clearly to distinguish *Jesus* from the *Christ*. “The Christ shineth as a revealed or manifested sun out of Jehova or Jesus, in the creaturely humanity of Christ” (*Apology* III., text iv., par. 13).

“The name Jesus is divine; but the name of Christ is God and man. When Jesus manifested himself in the woman's seed, and assumed that, then the person was called Christ” (*Ibid*, text iv., pars. 79, 80).

"Christ is, indeed, God and man in one person; but the Deity, viz., the divine property is not the person, the man; but the *Homo*, or *humanity*, is the man, and the Lamb of God which was slain, and is called Christ from the *anointing*; for God hath anointed this humanity of Christ, with his Spirit *without* measure; for the Jesus is the anointing, viz., the deep love in the Deity" (*Ibid*, text iv., par. 37).

"We must by no means abolish the *creature* in Christ's person, for that which he assumed, both from the soul and body of man, the same is creature; but that which he introduced out of the Deity into the humanity—that is neither nature nor creature, but immense, uncircumscribed, not particular, like as the air and sunshine is whole or entire, so likewise is he here, and we are in like manner to understand it as if the sunshine did introduce itself in something into a form, and yet were wholly one thing with the shine or light outside the form"* (*Mysterium Magnum*, chap. xxxvii., par. 44).

But, giving the assent of belief to this, leaves quite untouched the question, How could the perfectly holy will of the Son of God come into Adam's soul? How could the Logos become veiled in creaturely conditions? How did Deity contract infinitude within the limits of a mortal body? In another paper I hope to give Bœhme's answer to this.

MR. ST. GEORGE STOCK'S ESSAYS.†

BY FRANK PODMORE.

READERS of the Spiritualist periodicals of some five or ten years ago must have been very familiar with the name and the literary personality of St. George Stock. He wrote in those days not seldom; and whatever he wrote was worthy of attention. He may be said to have been our typical sceptic: fulfilling toward Spiritualism a function analogous to that of the slave in a Roman Triumph, who whispered to the conqueror to remember that he was mortal. But Mr. St. George Stock did not speak in whispers. Whatever in the public doings of Spiritualism called for correction—and in those days, some five or ten years ago, there was much that we could have wished to be amended—Mr. Stock was there to fulfil the task assigned to him by destiny. If ever there was a dishonest medium—and in those days there were some such—here was one ready to turn the light upon his doings. If ever a trance orator had won an undeserved reputation by the use of borrowed rhetoric, here was one who would trace the loan to

* See for a beautiful Exposition of this figure from pars. 44 to 49 in J. Bœhme's *Treatise on the Incarnation*, Part I. chap. viii.; and again pars. 251 of the *Second Apology*, Part II.

† *Attempts at Truth*. By St. George Stock. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

its source, and show, by parallel citations, the faithfulness of his verbal inspiration. If ever some shallow-pated lecturer attempted a grandiloquent reconciliation between Religion and Science, by joining in unnatural union a science half understood with a theology imperfectly remembered, Mr. Stock's relentless logic would expose the cheat. Or when a well-meaning Scotchman, with more of piety than metaphysics, essayed to demonstrate, *à priori*, the Being of God; Mr. Stock would turn his weapons against himself, and out of his own mouth, and from his own premises, would show the futility of the attempt. Perhaps Spiritualists were not always so grateful to their mentor as they should have been. It is true, that Mr. Gillespie, of Torbane Hill, the author of the work alluded to in the last paragraph, expressed his warm admiration of the ability shown in the review and refutation of his book, and, but for his untimely death, would, no doubt, have answered his reviewer by argument and not vituperation. But it is within the recollection of the writer that Mr. Stock was, on one occasion, solemnly adjured by the editor of the *Medium*, in the pages of that journal, to "go back to his university" until he could learn how to conduct himself with propriety towards a much misunderstood medium. Years afterwards Dr. Peebles assured the readers of *Spiritual Notes*, that he heeded Mr. Stock's strictures on another medium "no more than the howling of a pack of wolves"—proving the Spiritual Pilgrim to be a man of exceptionally strong nerves. But no doubt Spiritualists felt more gratitude than they expressed. No doubt they were proud of Mr. Stock in his unique position, and cherished him, as a certain advanced Debating Society, known to the reviewer, cherishes its one conservative orator. His utterances are not sense according to their lights; nonsense, in fact, "but, oh, what precious nonsense!" He is a rare and costly exotic, lacking, indeed, the solid serviceableness of the rest, but valuable for his pungent qualities and his scarcity. So our author, amongst the ninety and nine just persons, whom even the angels of heaven found uninteresting, was the one who needed repentance.

But Mr. Stock was not wholly an iconoclast. Whenever he met with psychical phenomena, which he knew to be genuine, he was not slow to give his testimony in their favour. Scattered through the pages of the *Spiritualist* and *Human Nature* there are many records of remarkable incidents, which had come under his own observation, or the truth of which he had been enabled personally to verify. But he would seem never to have quite made up his mind how to view these occurrences. He appears to have been contented to accept

them, for the present at least, as isolated instances of the marvellous, and to wait for further light upon the matter. In short, he believed, not in the occurrence of psychical phenomena in general, but in two or three special occurrences which he had observed in his own room, or had heard from the lips of trusted friends. And so during a long term of years he succeeded in balancing himself upon such a miraculous razor-edge between faith and unfaith, as, perhaps, few mortals had ever stood on before. Perhaps his position was more exceptional then than now. Ten years ago, perhaps, the line of demarcation between Spiritualists and the outer world was much more sharply drawn. Believers were more frankly and simply Spiritualists: the dislike and contempt of the rest of mankind was more direct and unhesitating. But we are growing to know each other a little better now. On the one hand, Spiritualists no longer talk so confidently of the spirits of the dead. We hear more of elementaries, and decayed geists, and reflections from the astral: also of Akaz, and the tremendous powers that lie latent in every human soul, but especially in some human souls. On the other hand a new science, of Psychical Research, has come to the front; and what used to be known as spiritualistic phenomena are fast becoming respectable. As was said in the writer's hearing the other day, "It is quite the thing now for intellectual people to believe in ghosts." And a *Pall-Mall* reviewer turns pale with terror as he sees the rising "flood of supernaturalism," which threatens to sweep over King Canute's chair, and King Canute's courtiers. We have all more or less touched pitch now, and some of us are very deeply defiled.

The articles in this book fall naturally under three heads, (1) a series of three articles entitled respectively, "The Two Schools of Thought;" "What is Right?" and "Why must I do what is Right?" which develope their author's views upon ethics. Next, two or three papers on "What is Reality?" "Berkeley and Positivism;" and "Illusion and Delusion," a review of the writings of Mr. Charles Bray. And last as a section of his philosophical writings—pale the *Pall Mall* reviewer—a series of articles dealing with Spiritualism and topics akin to it. It is with these articles, as likely to prove most interesting to the readers of the *Psychological Review*, that the reviewer is chiefly concerned. An article on "Theism," originally published in the *Westminster Review*, is reserved for treatment in a subsequent paper.

A review on an "Argument, *à priori*, for the Being and Attributes of the Lord God," by Mr. Gillespie, of Torbane Hill, has been already alluded to. Mr. Gillespie attempts to prove

that "there is necessarily a Being of Infinity of Expansion and Infinity of Duration," and that this Being is God. Mr. Stock shows that there is not necessarily such a Being, and that, if there be, it would not be God. We learn, without surprise, that Mr. Gillespie's argument approved itself to that Scotch metaphysician—the most learned and least wise of all who ever claimed the title—who gave the sanction of philosophy to the superstitions of the vulgar, teaching that what we touch and feel is real, whilst still maintaining, that there is nothing for us to taste, and hear, and very little to see. The philosopher who enunciated the great discovery of an "unconditionally limited" universe, the boundaries of which you could measure if you could only know how to get at them, would naturally be pleased with the idea of a Deity who could be trigonometrically surveyed. But for the readers of this *Review*, the article will probably be of interest mainly for the ingenuity of the arguments by which Mr. Gillespie supports his position, and the wonderful skill in a kind of intellectual acrobatics, which Mr. Stock displays in refuting them.

Shortly before this, in a noteworthy essay, in which our author deals with Hume's famous argument against the miraculous. After pointing out that to the empiricist there can be no such thing as a "law of nature," but only a succession, hitherto uniform—if even that; nor "a contest of opposite experiences," but only positive evidence contrasted with the absence of positive evidence; nor "an unalterable experience," but only an *unaltered* experience; and that when Hume uses the former set of expressions, he is only entitled, by the principles of his philosophy, to use the latter, Mr. Stock sums up his argument thus:—"As an uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is a direct and full *proof*, from the nature of the fact, against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof which is superior.' Need I point out that, unless by 'experience' be meant Hume's private and particular experience—in which case the argument will not hold—there is a direct assumption here of the very point to be proved; for the question is not whether miracles can occur—with that the experientialist has nothing to do—but simply whether they have occurred and do occur." And as the testimony that they have occurred, and do occur, is not uniformly negative, Hume begins by *assuming* the non-existence of that the existence of which he desires to disprove; having previously elided all testimony in favour of miracles, he argues that historical testimony in regard to such occurrences is uniformly negative. Mr. Stock further points out that Hume's argument in the second part of his essay is,

to a great extent, an argument *ad homines*. He wrote for Protestants, and so sought to discredit all testimony to the miraculous, by showing that the evidence for modern Roman Catholic miracles is at least as strong as that for the miracles recorded in the Bible. So might a modern sceptic seek to discredit Christianity by advocating the claim of Spiritualism. "As a specimen of eristic, the 'Essay on Miracles' is admirable; but, as such, its aim is not truth, but triumph.

A series of articles in the middle of the book deals with Spiritualism in various aspects. Amongst these is an account taken from Tacitus, and confirmed by Suetonius, of a remarkable cure performed by the Emperor Vespasian on a blind beggar, in the streets of Alexandria. Another paper contains the narrative given by Herodotus of the answer which the Delphic oracle returned to Cræsus—a successful "test," of which any modern clairvoyant might be proud. In the articles entitled "A New Religion," and "The Bearings of Spiritualism," our author gives more or less explicit account of his own views on the subject. In brief, he has no doubt that Spiritualism is destined to be the religion of the future. It has the two characteristics possessed by all previous religions—miracles and a creed. It springs, as most other religions have sprung, from the vulgar; and it appeals, like other great religious movements, to the mass of mankind. That Mr. Stock has his private doubts as to what the phenomena of Spiritualism really indicate, is clear to those who read between the lines; but he is satisfied that the world at large will assume that they have had veritable communion with the dead, and will proceed to build their religious structure upon that foundation. His position is less that of the scientific student seeking for the truth of the facts presented to him, than of the philosophic historian, tracing the evolution of ideas. He stands on one side as a spectator, and invites us to take our stand with him, and watch the new religion as it grows.

The position is a singular one, and perhaps it is well that it should be so. Such philosophic impartiality is, no doubt, admirable; but this was not the temper of those who have won advances in scientific or religious truth. This aloofness, this inability to understand feelings and beliefs which he is unable to share, renders Mr. Stock's testimony to the importance of modern Spiritualism peculiarly valuable. If one who is thus an outsider can venture to predict the speedy triumph of the doctrine of Spiritualism, what should be the confidence of those within the movement, who hold as true the beliefs which he only regards as potent?

But to return to our text. The age, Mr. Stock notices, is

democratic, and our democratic sentiments have coloured even our religion. For "social ideas find a reflection in the religion of an age, as the things of earth are mirrored in the mirage of heaven." Spiritualism is essentially democratic. It has no selected mouthpieces—no prophets who speak with authority. Our mediums are no better than other men; and sometimes worse. Moreover, "Spiritualism lays more stress upon the second of the two great commandments than the first, and is concerned with man more than with his Maker."

Spiritualism is also, in harmony with the ideas of the age, essentially scientific. "Turning to the self-regarding element in human nature, it says—'As you make yourself, so shall you be, here and hereafter. There is no magic of water, or faith, or another's righteousness to save you from the effects of your own conduct.'

'The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts.'

The belief in a future life Spiritualism professes to establish by the only method which can carry conviction, namely, by offering positive evidence. For what is the real creed of the age? Is it not this? 'I believe in what mine eyes have seen and mine hands have handled of the word of truth—in that, and all fair inferences therefrom.' . . . "For the idea of an arbitrary award of unmerited happiness and equally unmerited suffering, Spiritualism would substitute the continuance of the same scheme of development which we see in operation around us, only under more favourable conditions. It is, in fact, the apotheosis of evolution."

But Mr. Stock is careful to point out that Spiritualism, in this restricted sense of the word, is not the antithesis of Materialism, which it is commonly assumed to be. There is nothing materialistic in the belief that in death comes annihilation, a belief which seems to have been held at least at one period of their national life by the Jews. Witness the Psalmist—"The dead praise not thee, O God; neither all they that go down into silence." For as our author reminds us, "Man's existence in another state of being is a part of natural history, no less than his existence here. . . . There is no merit in the belief in a future life, but there is much expediency." The true materialist is he who holds that the soul and its manifestations are dependent on, and inseparable from, outward substances, whether we call that substance matter, or whether we extend our conceptions and feign a subtler and more delicate substance, which we can call ethereal or psychic substance, to serve as the substance for our spiritual life.

Many so-called Spiritualists are only Materialists in two universes instead of one. It is not the number of things in which a man believes, but the kind of things, which make him a Spiritualist. It makes little difference whether we hold that this body, or an ethereal body, constitutes our veritable self, if we believe that the self can really be constituted by anything outside itself at all. And Mr. Stock does not fail to point out an inevitable corollary of this view, which appears to have escaped the notice of most who hold it. For if feeling and thinking inhere in a substance, which is not only conditioned by space and time, but is an aggregate of particles—even though these particles be ethereal and not material—that is a compound body, and, like all other compounds, liable to be disintegrated, so that some day there may come an end for us to all thinking and feeling. It still remains to be proved by those who hold this doctrine how survival after death can be synonymous with immortality, as they tacitly assume. But the Spiritualist, in the only legitimate sense of the term, is he who holds “the thinking substance is unlike everything else with which we are acquainted, being neither matter, nor analogous to matter. He regards the thing within us, which feels, loves, thinks, and wills, the true self, as something wholly *sui generis*. This is what the common sense of mankind has done, more or less consciously, all the world over. To this substratum of consciousness, this inner, unknowable essence, it would be well to appropriate the term ‘spirit.’ Spirit then is no rarefied or etherealised form of matter, but something totally distinct in kind.”

Perhaps we cannot better conclude this portion of our subject than by giving an extract from the article on “Theism,” which will give the reader more clearly than anything else an idea of Mr. Stock’s actual position. The extract is also remarkable as being an emphatic testimony to the future triumph of Spiritualism, appearing in the pages of that most Philistine of Journals, *The Westminster Review* :—

“For let none imagine that by such speculations as these he is building up the religion of the future, or that Comte and Strauss will be the prophets of the coming age. Religions are not made, they grow. Their progress is not from the enlightened to the vulgar, but from the vulgar to the enlightened. They are not mere products of the intellect, but manifest themselves as physical forces too. The religion of the future is in our midst already, working like potent yeast in the mind of the people. It is in our midst to-day with signs and wonders, uprising like a swollen tide, and scorning the barriers of Nature’s laws. Yet however irresistible its effects, they are not declared on the surface. It comes veiling its destined splendours

beneath an exterior that invites contempt. Hidden from the prudent, its truths are revealed to babes. Once more the weak will confound the mighty, the foolish the wise, and base things and things despised, it may be even things that are not, bring to nought the things that are; for it seems certain that, whether truly or whether falsely, Spiritualism will re-establish, on what professes to be ground of positive evidence, the fading belief in a future life—not such a future as is dear to the reigning theology, but a future developed from the present, a continuation under improved conditions of the scheme of things around us. Further than this it is impossible to predict the precise development which Spiritualism may take in the future, just as it would have been impossible at the birth of Christianity to have predicted its actual subsequent development; but from the unexampled power possessed by this new religious force of fusing with other creeds, it seems likely in the end to bring about a greater uniformity of belief than has ever yet been known.

“Meanwhile it is the absence of oneness of feeling that really needs to be regretted. We have seen that all the essentials of religion can be retained by the so-called atheist. Might it not be expected that professors of orthodoxy, persons whose religion is their boast, when they find in such a man a love for his fellows no less disinterested, an effort after advancement no less earnest than their own, would rejoice to join with Theodore Parker and every truly enlightened Theist in claiming him as really at one with them, despite intellectual differences? But no; they stand at the ford of Jordan, and if the passerby cannot frame his lips to pronounce their shibboleth they slay him, though all the time he was an Israelite and a brother. And yet the war with evil demands that the forces which make for good should be united, nor is there any element wanting to human unity except the recognition of it. We are all of one kindred—children of mystery; all of one language—the voice of Nature; all of one creed—the creed of ignorance, that mighty Catholic Church to whose tender bosom every thought-weary wanderer is folded at the last.”

Of the three essays with which the volume opens it is not necessary to speak at length. Discussions on rival systems of ethics have but a remote connection with the subjects to which the *Psychological Review* is devoted. And we have before our minds the severe comment made by the editor of “Spiritual Notes” when these essays were first published in the pages of this *Review*, to the effect that they read like a chapter from the *Ethics of Aristotle*. No doubt Mr. Stock was not ill-pleased to have sentence of excommunication passed upon him in such company. Let it suffice to say, if we must give him a label, that our author is a utilitarian, but of the modern school which follows Mr. Herbert Spencer, and has so greatly enlarged the Ethical system of Mill by the incorporation with it of the doctrines of evolution, and all that they imply. He holds, if we do not misrepresent him, that while the older

utilitarianism of Bentham was defective as an explanation of our moral nature, in that it did not and could not account for the existence within us of definitely altruistic sentiments, the system of Mr. Spencer, which traces the gradual development of such sentiments out of the lower motives of fear and selfish desire, gives an adequate account of the matter. The differences between the intuitionist and his opponent are reconciled by the doctrine of heredity. But Mr. Stock is careful to point out that the moral law within us loses nothing of its intrinsic worth and dignity because we imagine that we can desecrate its humble origin. A woman's beauty is no less, because she is the remote descendant of an ape, etc. "There are many noble things that have very dirty roots." If a thing is what it has been, it is no less true that it is what it shall be. To know it altogether we must know its future as well as its past. And indeed, here is the root of the whole matter. We may frankly concede that the Synthetic Philosophy gives as sufficient an explanation of the genesis of duty as of the development of a man's intellect, or a woman's loveliness; whilst still maintaining that beauty and wisdom and the moral law, which have not their being in Time, cannot be dependent on any process which is begun and ended in Time. If they appear to us to grow, it is because we see them only through the medium of Time.

In Metaphysics Mr. Stock is a Berkeleyan, or rather, for he criticises his master too freely to be called a disciple, we may say that he has deeply studied Berkeley and the other English idealists, and has founded his conception of things in general mainly upon their teaching; but that he remains an unattached student, "*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*" His essay on "Berkeley and Positivism" is a luminous account of Berkeley's position, with a few acute comments. In particular our author clearly defines the meaning which Berkeley attached to the term reality, thus removing a very prevalent cause of misconception. When other philosophers speak of reality they mean the unknown and unknowable cause of sensation—a void and incomprehensible abstraction. When Berkeley says, "The immediate objects of perception are the real things themselves," it is clear that he does not use the word "real" in that sense. For in that sense God was to him the only reality. But he means by "reality" what Caius and Balbus mean by it—the proximate facts of sensation. He thus accommodates himself to the vulgar usage; for Caius and Balbus have no knowledge of Ontology, and when they say that a thing is real, they mean that they can see it. But Caius and Balbus imagine that the thing which they see is

permanent. This Berkeley shows cannot be the case: permanency is not in the immediate sensation, but in its underlying cause, of which we know nothing. Of other reality than the sensible we can have no knowledge, having no channel of information except the senses.

But Mr. Stock thinks that we ought to be quite contented with this modicum of reality. Berkeley, being a bishop, was, of course, bound to introduce God into his scheme as the supreme fount of reality. We, who are simply laymen, lie under no such necessity. Indeed, there is no reason why we should feign any substratum at all. We must, says Mr. Stock, have some first link in the chain of antecedents and consequents; some uncaused on which to base our sequence of effects. Why not draw the line at our own perceptions, and make the sensation of the moment the ultimate fact of existence? Or, if we are dissatisfied with a reality which dies in the moment of its birth, still why not leave the question open? What need to guess at what lies behind the veil, when all our guessing can bring us no nearer to the truth? Being able to stand with comfort upon a razor-edge himself, Mr. Stock cannot understand the preference of the rest of mankind for solid earth, however insecure their tenure of it.

In the essay, "What is Reality?" Mr. Stock arrives at a clear definition; "a reality is what will affect with like impressions all witnesses who have the ordinary complement of senses in good working order." It is this unanimity of consentaneous impression which, so far as we know it, constitutes reality. If a mesmerist could impress his thoughts upon all living beings, his thoughts would cease to be "ideas"—in the vulgar sense, and would become "things." And we, according to Berkeley, are the subjects of the Divine Mesmerist. Not the least interesting passage of the book is that in which Mr. Stock dwells on the support which the facts of mesmerism lend to the good Bishop's theory. We may grant to the Positivist critics that there can be no proof of any efficient cause. But how immensely would the idealist's position be strengthened if, in reply to his further objection, that we know of no cause, efficient or formal, for the creation of substance, or reality as now defined, we could point to daily instances of such creation. And it is this that we find in every successful mesmeric experiment. In the phenomena of mesmerism "we see transacted on a small scale what Berkeley supposes to take place on a large one. The 'subject' under control is thrown into a world of the mesmerist's creation; every one of his senses is supplied with its object; he can bring none of them to detect the fallacy of the others. But the mesmerist's effort of will is

temporary and confined in its action, and so we call the subject's state a delusion; the Divine Will is continuous and universal, and we call the world around us a reality." Space will not permit of any criticism of Mr. Stock's position. Suffice it to point out, that his argument, though valid on Berkeley's premises, is not proof against a later dialectic. If we wish for an adequate theory of the universe, we must advance beyond the English idealists. There can be no question of "proximate" and "efficient" causes, if cause and effect are not temporally related at all. Nor can there be any distinction between the "real" and the "phenomenal," nor any God standing over against and independent of his creation, if the whole great world is one organism in which everything is dependent on the whole, and has no meaning apart from it; there being no effect, which is not reciprocally the cause of its cause, nor any cause, which is not itself an effect of what it causes.

"Illusion and Delusion" is a criticism on the philosophy of a writer who might have appropriately taken for his motto the compendious line—"I disbelieve wholly in everything, —there!" The book concludes with a fragment, "Where is Heaven?" showing that the kingdoms of heaven and of hell are within us. "The judgment he anticipates is at the bar of his own conscience; the books that are to be opened are the tablets of memory, in whose too faithful register every thought, word, and deed is stored up to endless ages—tablets kept by a Recording Angel, awful, stern, and pitiless, who will 'drop no tear' upon any page, nor 'blot out' the least of our offences."

As far as may be, we have allowed Mr. Stock to speak for himself. The reader will find him worth the hearing. We may not always agree in what he says, but we cannot but admire the way in which he says it. Indeed, it would be hard to decide whether most to praise in our author the clearness of the reasoning, or the singular felicity of the style. There is no obscure argument, and hardly a slipshod sentence, throughout the book. Enough has been said here to show that there is much in the book that is fruitful and suggestive; much also that is of permanent value. May it have as many readers as it deserves.

THE absurdity of many of the manifestations is the necessary consequence of the absurd and unhallowed state of mind of those who attend and officiate at many séances. The great principle that like will seek its like is true in the spiritual as well as in the natural world.—*Rev. Samuel Watson.*

WILLIAM HOWITT AND HIS SPIRITUALISM.
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY HIS DAUGHTER, A. M. H. W.

PART IV.

"The Invisible World with thee has sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised."—*Wordsworth*.

PIONEER IN THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE
WORLDS.

UPON the discovery of the gold-fields in Australia, William Howitt, accompanied by his two sons, Alfred and Charlton, set sail in June, 1852, and arrived at Melbourne on the 24th of September. Various causes led to this expedition. A desire personally to inspect the conditions of the important colony of Victoria, suddenly become a region of so great interest to the British public; the pleasure of seeing his brother Godfrey, settled as a physician in Melbourne; the necessity for repose after so many years of incessant intellectual labour; and last, but not least, the intention, should circumstances prove favourable, of settling his sons in the colony.*

The following two years form a chapter of considerable adventure in the life of William Howitt, and were productive of much useful result. Through his brother's long residence in the colony, William Howitt possessed many facilities for acquiring information which were not accessible to the ordinary traveller. Nor did he fail to make the most of his opportunity. After a few weeks' sojourn in Melbourne, our traveller, accompanied by his two sons, a nephew, and a friend, went up to "the diggings," which they visited in succession. From a letter written home by the elder son, I give a picture of the

SETTING FORTH INTO THE BUSH.

"Nov. 6, 1852.—Last Wednesday week, we departed from Melbourne. On that day, at six o'clock, we were all ready—the cart

* The elder son, Alfred W. Howitt, F.G.S., F.L.S., remained in the colony. Having graduated, so to speak, in the school of an explorer's life, he was, in 1861, despatched by the Royal Society of Victoria as leader of a party in search of the missing explorers, Messrs. Burke and Wills. He discovered the last survivor of that ill-starred expedition, and interred the bodies of Burke and Wills in the wilderness. Was again despatched to bring back their remains for public interment in Melbourne. He has contributed valuable papers to the Reports of the Geological Survey of Victoria, to the Geological Society of London, Anthropological Society, etc., etc., published in 1881, in conjunction with the Rev. Lorimer Fison, M.A.; an ethnological work, "Kamalaroi and Kurnai," noticed in this *Review*, August, 1881, containing psychological, as well as other facts regarding the Australian Aborigines.

loaded, the horses as fine a team as you could see in a day's walk, and ourselves dressed in digger costume; and well armed with guns, rifles, and revolvers. It was three o'clock, however, before the two other parties, with whom we had promised to go up the country were even in anything like moving order. . . . I wish you could have seen the sight our troop presented. Three carts, heavily laden with tarpaulin covers, and drawn by two horses each, with tent-poles poking out at each end, and pots and pans hanging on behind, jingling all the way. Then fifteen people, in picturesque-looking jumpers, with all sorts of hats and caps, and many of them carrying bundles on their backs; some with guns across their shoulders, and almost all with pistols or knives or both. These defensive weapons were for the bushrangers, who had lately become unusually numerous and daring—even stopping as many as fifteen persons within an hour's time, at only three miles from Melbourne."

Being thus well armed, and provided with good horses, they were tolerably independent, and in little danger of attack from bushrangers; nevertheless, they encountered perils sufficient both by day and by night, although no signal misfortune befel them, with the exception of the serious illness of William Howitt, occasioned by their camping in an unhealthy locality. This

ILLNESS IN THE BUSH,

which, humanly speaking, must have proved fatal to my father, but for the providential kindness of a wealthy "squatter," a "good Samaritan," occurred shortly after they had commenced their perilous journey.

"The very day that I wrote," continues my brother, in the letter already quoted, "my father was taken very ill with dysentery, but is now recovering. It was a most severe attack. Here we were in the bush, our cart disabled, my father seriously ill, and thirty miles from the nearest medical advice; the weather, too, was terribly hot, the swarms of flies perfectly maddening to a sick person, and our tent as close and oppressive as an oven. For a week we stayed there, hoping every day that an improvement would take place. It was a time of terrible anxiety to us, and great changes to and fro in the state of my father—sometimes he was better, then again he was much worse. The very place where we were encamped seemed to have an evil influence; the creek dwindled day by day under the glaring heat, and showed that its bed was full of rotting trees and branches; legions of bull-frogs kept up a horrible croaking all night, and numbers of carrion crows stalked about the flats around us, or perched in the trees by the tent to croak dismally at us. The only sort of relaxation we had was opossum-shooting at night. One morning Mr. F.'s overseer rode up, and most kindly offered my father the use of their hut at the Seven Creeks, and would not be refused. We accepted it, and moved my father up there the next morning. The effect was

magical ; that very morning his appetite and strength began to return, and ever since he has been getting better every day, so that we hope to be able to start once more in a few days' time. We have moved our tent, baggage, and even the broken cart up here upon one of Mr. F.'s drays, and we have installed ourselves in the hut. . . . Altogether the hut looks very brown and venerable with its slate walls and earthen floor ; but we are very comfortable and jolly."

That William Howitt speedily recovered health and strength, the accounts of adventures, wild and manifold, related in his "Land, Labour, and Gold," fully testify. He also says, in a tract on the good effects of Temperance and simplicity of life, written by him some years later, entitled "The Four Famous Doctors":—"During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked, often under a burning sun of 120 to 130 degrees at noon, my twenty miles a-day for days and weeks together ; worked at digging gold in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a-day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made many bridges—and let my clothes dry upon my back ; washed my own linen, made and baked my own bread, slept constantly under the forest-tree, and was hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this not only with ease, but enjoyment ? Simply, because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would the poison of an asp."

He had not alone visited the various diggings staying at them himself, and his sons "digging for gold," but visited also New South Wales and Tasmania. As regards his accurate descriptions of the condition at the time of the colony of Victoria, it was said by a high public functionary there, that "William Howitt's volumes are not *like* the colony—they *are* the colony itself." His book, however, from its plain-speaking with regard to the question of questions connected with the colony, the "Land Question," gave much offence. The great "Land Question" was just beginning its violent agitation.

To the graphic pictures of nature and human nature found in the volume, "Two Years in Australia"—in later editions, entitled "Land, Labour, and Gold"—the following letter witnesses :—

THE NOVELLIST CHARLES READE TO WILLIAM HOWITT.

"6 BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR.

"DEAR SIR,—Should you ever fall in with a matter-of-fact romance called 'It is Never Too Late to Mend,' you will not be surprised at this letter from me. To avoid describing Hyde Park, and calling it Australia, I read some thirty books about that country, and yours was infinitely the best. In reading you, I found I was in the hands

of a man who had really been there, and had seen things with his own eyes, and judged them with his own judgment, and, rarer yet still, could paint them to the life. Your vivid scenes took hold of me; and your colours are the charms of many of my best pages. I could not tell you all my obligations; but some of them I can. You restored my faith in nature. A pack of noodles had been out there, and came home and told us the air had no perfume, and the birds no song.

"The real fact is, that there have not yet been in Australia two centuries of poets to tell people what to hear and what to smell. You extinguished that piece of cant; you smelt the land, like cowslips, ninety miles off; and you not only heard the birds, but described the song and note of each with a precision of detail that was invaluable. That passage of yours was a nugget. I have made use of it in a full description of the rising sun; and it is, to my fancy, the light of my whole picture. I had from you, too, the snowstorm—the flakes as large as the palm of your hand, and the great branches of trees rent from the stems with reports like cannon by the weight of superincumbent snow. Then in the details of digging you have told me, etc., etc. In short, I have taken from you far more than I could have taken with decency if our two works had not been heterogeneous. As it is, I hope you are too candid, and too good-natured to grudge me—who can never hope to see that wonderful land—a few colours from your palette. A traveller, with a painter's eye is a rarity. He must make up his mind to teach the artists of the pen as well as the public, etc., etc. May you visit many countries, and may I sit by the fire and see them in your glowing pages.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES READE.

"William Howitt, Esq."

In December, 1854, William Howitt, accompanied by his youngest son, Charlton, again set foot in England.

In connection with this chapter of my father's life in Australia, I must now note several interesting facts from the point of view of the psychologist.

During his outward voyage to the Antipodes—at that time a voyage of three months' duration—my father, assisted by his eldest son, had commenced and completed a translation of

DR. ENNEMOSER'S HISTORY OF MAGIC, CONNECTED WITH WHICH
ARE TWO REMARKABLE DREAMS.

The MS. of Ennemoser, transmitted home for publication by Mr. Bohn in one of his valuable series, was seen through the press by Mary Howitt and her eldest daughter; to whom, also, was given the task by the publisher of forming as an appendix a collection of curious illustrative matter. Mary Howitt wrote a short preface to the translation, in which she says:—

"Perhaps the Dream of Prevision mentioned at page 416 of the Appendix may be explained in part by the mind of the translator being occupied at the time by the peculiar views of Ennemoser, which predisposed it for occult impressions. This explanation, it appears to me, is rendered still more probable by another little circumstance, which, being no way irrelevant to the subject, I will mention. The printing of this Ennemoser translation had commenced—and to a certain extent my mind was imbued with the views and speculations of the author—when, on the night of the 12th of March, 1853, I dreamed that I received a letter from my eldest son. In my dream I eagerly broke open the seal, and saw a closely written sheet of paper, but my eye caught only these words in the middle of the first page, written larger than the rest and underdrawn, '*My father is very ill.*' The utmost distress seized me, and I suddenly awoke, to find it only a dream; yet the painful impression of reality was so vivid, that it was long before I could compose myself. The first thing I did the following morning was to commence a letter to my husband, relating this distressing dream. Six days afterwards, on the 18th, an Australian mail came in and brought me a letter—the only letter I received by that mail, and not from any of my own family, but from a gentleman in Australia with whom we were acquainted. This letter was addressed on the outside, '*Immediate,*' and with a trembling hand I opened it; and true enough the first words I saw—and these written larger than the rest, in the middle of the paper, and underdrawn, were—'*Mr. Howitt is very ill.*' The context of these terrible words was, however, '*If you hear that Mr. Howitt is very ill, let that assure you that he is better*'; but the only emphatic words were those which I saw in my dream, and these, nevertheless, slightly varying, as, from some cause or other, all such mental impressions, spirit-revelations, or occult, dark sayings, generally do vary from the truth or type which they seem to reflect."*

The dream referred to in the Appendix is as follows:—

WILLIAM HOWITT'S CLAIRVOYANT DREAM ON HIS VOYAGE TO
AUSTRALIA IN 1852.

"Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my

* It may be permitted to the writer to suggest, that through a fuller acquaintance with, and deeper observation of, the phenomena of "spirit-revelation, occult, dark-sayings," &c., the truth has forced itself upon various philosophic minds, that in obedience to a primal law of spirit's intercourse with spirit—it is always the *essence* or *spirit* of an *idea* or *fact* which is sought to be conveyed to the mind; and not the *mere literal clothing* of that *idea* or *fact*. This *essence* or *spirit* of the *idea* is the grain of true wheat alone needed; the *form* is simply the husk that clothes it for a temporary purpose, and must of necessity fall away from it as a dead thing. "In this material, matter-of-fact age, *literal* truth," says the Rev. James Smith—"the lowest of all truths in one sense—is generally regarded as the highest. But they are superficial thinkers who dabble only in literal truth or physical truth." This is a knowledge of Law-Spiritual, without which progress is impossible for the student of psychology.

brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, next to the open forest. The garden sloped a little way down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees, having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads; that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our woods.* 'There!' I said, addressing some one in my dream, 'I see your native forest of Eucalyptus!' This dream I told to my sons, and to two of our fellow-passengers, at the time, and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. 'There!' I exclaimed, 'is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!' And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood precisely as I saw it and now see it, as I sit at the dining-room window writing. When I look on this scene I seem to look into my dream."

In the *Spiritual Magazine*, October, 1871, William Howitt speaking of this dream gives further curious details; he says—

"In a vision at sea, some thousands of miles from Melbourne, I not only clearly saw my brother's home and the landscape around it, but also saw things in direct opposition to the news received before leaving England. It was said that all the men were gone off to the gold-fields, and that even the Governor and Chief Justice had no men-servants left. But I now saw abundance of men in the streets of Melbourne, and many sitting on door-steps asking employment. . . . When in the street before my brother's house, we saw swarms of men, and some actually sitting on steps, seeking work. All was so exactly as I had described it, that great was the astonishment of my companions."

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRST MEETS WITH "TABLE-TURNING" AND THE SO-CALLED "WILLING GAME" OF TO-DAY.

"Whilst we were in Australia," says William Howitt, "came to us rumours of the outbreak of Spiritualism in America. In our letters from home we heard of it having assumed first the shape of table-turning and hat-turning. We heard that this phenomenon

* It may be interesting here to note a clairvoyant dream of William Howitt's brother Richard, referring also to Australian scenery. "Let me add one fact he once related to me in conversation—namely, that when a youth in Derbyshire, he dreamed a strange sight—the sunlight descending on a slope amongst trees, the like of which he had theretofore never seen, and that dream was realised exactly some thirty years afterwards in Australia."—Chapter xxiv., Richard Howitt, "Sketches of Remarkable People, by Spencer T. Hall," The Sherwood Forester. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1873.

had excited great sensation, that it was become an amusement in all ranks of society; hats and tables were being spun everywhere. The philosophers were ready to account for the strange spectacle, as they are generally ready to account for anything. . . . The relation of these things as they came to us in the Bush appeared absurd enough. I have successively laughed at Homœopathy and Mesmerism; and now I laughed at this new phenomenon. I jocosely asked in my letters home, whether 'the spirits' could not tell us where the great nuggets lay? We were, however, much sooner to be convinced of the moving of hats and tables than we expected. At Wangaratta, on the Broken River, far up in the Australian Bush, a Dr. —, seeing Mr. B. (one of our party) sketching near the bridge, fell into conversation with him, and learned that he belonged to our party. Dr. —, indeed, hunted us out at our tent, and pressed us cordially to spend the evening with him, which we did. A social evening, in our journeyings through the forest, was a rare pleasure. The Doctor had two daughters. After tea he asked us if we had seen any hat-turning. We replied in the negative. A hat was placed on the table, one or two of us put our hands on it, and certainly it began to spin round, without any action on our part. It struck us as very curious. The same experiment was made with a small table, and the result was the same. Whatever was the cause, the effect was real and curious. Thus my first acquaintance with modern Spiritual manifestations was made in the Australian Bush. After these demonstrations, the Doctor threw his eldest daughter into the mesmeric sleep, and showed us some remarkable experiments. The Doctor then took a little pile of half-pence, set them on the table, and, taking me aside, told me *that he had willed* that when his daughter awoke she should immediately take up these pence, and put them away in a cupboard. This exactly occurred. On her being demesmerised, she looked round for a while as a person just awoke, and then, without a word, took up the pence, and carried them to a cupboard! Her father asked her why she did that, and she replied that she could not tell, but that she felt a strong impulse to do so.

"Soon after, on our journey, stepping at Mr. Turnbull's Station, Charlton and one of the young Turnbulls tried the experiment with a hat, and then with a table, when, to their great astonishment, the table went whirling about the room in a very wild way!"

In connection with William Howitt's visit to Australia is his publication, in 1857, of a description of life in Australia, in which he has allowed the romantic character of his mind to have full play. To this novel are added various short tales, the scene of which is Australia. Originally these shorter sketches appeared in *Household Words*—sketches which received warm encomium from Dickens, to whose pen, in Australia, they had, much to my father's amusement, been attributed!

This novel, "*Tallengetta, or the Squatter's Home*," contains many incidents entirely of a Spiritualistic and "supernatural" character, the result of my father's first personal knowledge of "modern spirit manifestations," and its preface contains a frank confession of his faith in them, and the following extract from it may be said to contain the germ of his future "*History of the Supernatural*." He says: "In all ages Spiritualism has been exhibiting itself in one form or another; and there is a very old adage that where there is smoke there is pretty certainly fire. In the long ages of the sacred history, in the remarkable centuries which succeeded the first spread of Christianity, in the mythic structures and creeds of ancient nations, in India, China—familiar with rapping and table-turning these thousand years—Egypt, Greece, and Rome, under all the distortions and concealments of magic, witchcraft, and the occult sciences of the middle ages, spiritual agency has been working, according to the firmest convictions of the greatest minds of those countries and times. As Socrates has his 'familiar spirit,' Numa his Egeria, as the Arabs had their genii, Friar Bacon his brazen head, and Paracelsus his inward illumination, his "*Einhauchende Geister*," so Jacob Böhme and George Fox, in recent, and Zschoke, in our own times, astonished their contemporaries by their revelations. Certainly in all ages there has been a very great smoke in that quarter." My father goes on to say: "The smoke of Spiritualism is now visible enough," and that where he has found it he has made use of it in his novel—namely, in the Australian Bush—"and that not in the person of a humbug or a charlatan, but in men educated, scientific, serious, acute in all their relations, profoundly religious, and admittedly honest."

Between December, 1854, when William Howitt returned to England, and June, 1857, when *Tallengetta* was published, much of psychological interest had occurred. Our author had left "the gold-fields of the external world, not greatly enriched with "nuggets;" enriched in far better ways, however, with a new lease of health and strength, with much new and varied knowledge, and with a seed of truth sown in his mind—the perception of some unrecognised "force" behind the phenomenon of "hat and table-turning" and the "willing-game," destined to bring forth, within the next twenty years, a great harvest. He was returned fully prepared henceforth to dig for spiritual and celestial gold in the "gold-fields" of spirit-knowledge.

The introduction of spirit-manifestations to his observation, and of the phenomena themselves into his family circle was through a

REMARKABLE SEANCE WITH TEST OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

In April, 1856, a lady who for some years had been interested in what, at that day, was termed "spirit-rapping," invited my mother to accompany her to the house of her friend, Mrs. De Morgan, in whose family circle *séances* were occasionally held.* My mother, although strongly attracted by everything bearing upon the occult, at that time had no special interest, or, indeed, curiosity, regarding "spirit-rapping." So little did we know with reference to the subject, that a year previously, when preparing the Appendix to the translation of Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, we had requested a friend conversant with the phenomenon to write a succinct account of the so-called "spirit-rappings" in America for the Appendix, which request this friend kindly complied with. Indeed, this phenomenon of "rappings" and movements of table, and of noises, said to be produced by "spirits," appeared to my mother, and indeed to all of us, at that time, as a something, if real, very absurd, and derogatory to all preconceived ideas of the sublimity and beauty of the spirit-world. Thus it was not without a certain sense of absurdity in the whole affair—nay, even, it may be, in a certain spirit of secret contempt for the approaching *séance*, that my mother took her place at the table in Mrs. De Morgan's drawing-room. All present, including her hostess, were—with the exception of the mutual friend who introduced her—entire strangers to my mother. The *séance* consisted of the hostess; one of her servants, who was the "rapping medium;" Mrs. Nenner, now deceased, wife of the late Hebrew Professor at the Dissenters' College, St. John's Wood; Miss. W., who introduced my mother; and my mother herself. The company were arranged round the table, with hands placed upon it, and the usual, now so well known, formula having been gone through, tilts and raps commencing, the usual questionings as to who were present were asked, and finally messages were spelt out. My mother was inclined at first to regard the whole thing as utterly ridiculous, and listening in an amused spirit, thought how droll an account she should give to her family of the scene upon her return home.

At length, however, her turn arrived to be addressed by a spirit, it being rapped out that a spirit was come who wished to communicate with Mrs. Howitt. As this occurred a strange thrill of awe ran through her. The spirit being requested to

* For an interesting account given by Professor De Morgan himself, of one of these *séances*, *vide* Life of Augustus De Morgan, by Sophia E. De Morgan. Longman & Co., 1882, p. 221.

give the name, forthwith C L A U D E was spelled out. "Oh! said some one present, "Claude! what a curious name—can it be Claude Lorraine, the landscape painter?" "Let us hear what the spirit has to say," quietly said my mother. Then were gone through raps in response to the alphabet—"Dear mother, I am here. I am often with you. I will return home with you. I will write through my brother's hand." "Through your sister's hand!" suggested my mother—the brother referred to having been a little child at the time of Claude's decease, whereas his elder sister had been in constant attendance upon him during the last months of his suffering. "No, through my brother's hand," insisted the spirit. My mother's interest was now thoroughly aroused.

Mrs. Nenner said—"I feel impressed that if I put my hand beneath the table the spirit communicating will give me a sign." Saying this, Mrs. Nenner put her hand beneath the table. But with a cry of surprise she suddenly drew it back. "Oh," cried she, "I have been touched by *such* a tiny skeleton hand!" Great was the astonishment of my mother. "But, oh, dear Claude!" exclaimed she, addressing the spirit, "You surely are not *now* the poor little skeleton that you were when you went away from earth! That is a dreadful idea." "No! no!" was immediately rapped out with little raps of a peculiarly individual and joyous character—little raps since that time frequently heard and always equally joyous, and to be at once singled out from the other rapping of spirits who presented themselves. "*No! no! but how else could I give you a sign!*" Most true. A sign it was indeed, not alone to his mother, but to the rest of the circle at home. That little skeleton hand had rent for us all, the veil which divides the two worlds; the ice of Death was broken, and the warmth from the land of Immortality began to flow in upon us all.

Within a month from this time "mediumship" had developed in our whole circle, gradually, however. Firstly, as foretold by the "raps" at the house of Mrs. de Morgan, in my young brother, returned from Australia. To him it commenced with automatic writing; then in the same manner came to myself, and so on in due course to others of the family, merging by degrees into automatic drawing, clairaudience, and spirit-vision. All our knowledge had to be bought by experience—often bitter; as, indeed, it would seem all knowledge and joy in the life-spiritual must be bought. Few at that period were the individuals who could give counsel with regard to an understanding of the phenomena—many of which were then manifesting in England for the first time. The dangers of the subject were but vaguely comprehended, if even sus-

pected to exist at all. As for ourselves we, at the commencement, knew of no dangers to be expected, nor yet of such things as "deceitful communication," or the antagonism of "undeveloped" influences. Thus, William Howitt's first knowledge was gained entirely in his own domestic circle. For a considerable time he wisely suspended his judgment on many points of detail, though forced to perceive in the midst of all these chaotic phenomena—before very long—the operation of some uncomprehended "force."

The occult power having taken especial hold of myself, and being manifested in strange and ever-varying forms—all after a period more or less distressing—I am obliged to confess that, in the first stage of our experiences, spite of my earnest desire to the contrary, I became to my father "a stumbling block."

Writing of this early time he says:—

"Our daughter, amongst the communications made to her, had the startling one that her mother would soon die. Under the terror of this apprehension, she came quietly one night to our chamber door to ascertain whether all was quiet, and whether she could hear her mother breathing. I heard something move on the landing before our door. I rose and opened the door, and found her sitting there. This occasioned us great anxiety; and when nothing whatsoever happened to her mother, the spirit said it was not physical death that they meant, but a sort of spiritual death. This was palpably false."*

* This symbolic teaching of the spirits with regard to the true meaning of the word "death," remained, as did their symbolic language in general, in all their verbal communications henceforth and to the end of his days, "a stone of offence" to my father. Symbolism *in vision* and *in dream* involuntarily he received, but in *language* it offended him. "If they want to talk to me," he would say, "let them speak a rational language which they know I can understand." It was no use suggesting that this symbolism was as much the inherent language of spirit as French was the language of a Frenchman, or German of a German; and that, therefore, it might be as well to learn this universal language of the next life, as to learn on earth French or German—or even possibly was more important. He remained, however, always on this point impervious to argument. It was to the wise and comforting words of the Rev. Jas. Smith, author of "The Divine Drama of History and Civilization," and of Dr. Hugh Doherty, author of "Organic Philosophy," &c., &c., that the writer owed her *first* perception of the universal language of spirit-symbolism—and with this perception dawned for her a new day—a day of understanding and peace. [For information regarding this spiritual death and the frequent use of this word by spirits, and consequent misunderstanding of messages, *vide* "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. de Morgan; "Light in the Valley," by Mrs. Newton Crosland; "Coming Man," by Rev. James Smith, &c.; "Mystical Death of Mediumistic Persons," *Psychological Review*.]

Yes, false, in "the letter that killeth," but true in the spirit which made alive with a recognition of things of the spirit. The "deaths" of a number of persons were in writing foretold at that time, all of whom ultimately received, in more or less fulness, a knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism.

"In order," continues my father, writing his memoranda of his first knowledge of the phenomena, "to divert our daughter's mind, we proposed to go away from home. My daughter inclined to go to North Wales. It was indeed a very strong instinct within her mind, implanted by her spiritual guardian, to bring her into quiet and harmonious conditions, into harmony of mind and body; but I was not inclined to go to North Wales, I am sorry to say, and overruled the plan, preferring Normandy, whither we went.

"The effect of this visit to Normandy, but especially the visit to Rouen, upon her mind was painful in the extreme. In that old city where so many strange events had taken place in past ages, and where Joan of Arc had been burned, the spirits seemed to be as thick as motes in the air. Once out of Rouen, our daughter's mind became relieved. All these things gave me a strong prejudice against Spiritualism, and I was anxious to be clear of it. One day we made a visit to the ruins of an old castle some miles from Rouen. Whilst there some spirits told my daughter that they could more easily pass through the solid stone wall of that old castle, than penetrate my mind with any conviction of the good of Spiritualism." It was also told her that the time would nevertheless arrive when he who so strongly now rejected "the power," would be considered one of the apostles of "the New Truth;" that he would write books on the subject, and one a book wholly written by "the power" guiding his hand. "I will believe it when I see it," was my father's curt reply of utter incredulity. In the end he did both see and believe. I have in my possession a carefully-written manuscript book, written through his hand by "the power," from which, in due course, I will give an extract. All, however, was the growth of experience and time.

The conditions which surrounded us were, at first, highly unfavourable to a calm and gentle development of occult power. With regard to needful conditions, we were at that time entirely in the dark. The house in which we resided, in itself, with its shady garden overgrown with tall old trees, and its masses of ivy, was no healthy *locale* for "sensitives." Reference to this house will be found in "The Northern Heights of London," written by my father some years later, p. 413. He says—"At Highgate, on the West Hill, stood, inclosed in tall trees, a small house called

"THE HERMITAGE.

"Adjoining it was a still smaller tenement, which was said to be the original Hermitage. It consisted of one small low room, with a chamber over it, reached by an outside rustic gallery. (This Hermitage proper was used as a studio and a study.) The whole was covered with ivy, evidently of a very ancient growth, as shown by the largeness of its stems and boughs, and the prodigality of its foliage. Being its last tenant, I found that its succession of inhabitants had been a numerous one, and that it was connected with some curious histories. *Some dark tragedies had occurred there.* One of its tenants was a Sir Wallis Porter, who was an associate of the Prince Regent. Here the Prince used to come frequently to gamble with Sir Wallis, *and there Sir Wallis put an end to his existence, as reported, by shooting himself.* It was reported, too, that Fauntleroy, when officers of justice were in quest of him, concealed himself for a time at this Hermitage. There was, however, a pleasanter legend of Lord Nelson, when a boy, being once there, and climbing a very tall ash tree by the road-side, which therefore went by the name of Nelson's tree."

These "dark tragedies" having occurred on that spot, fully explain the antagonism to calm spiritual development which we experienced during the whole of the time we remained there; and also account for the presence of an earth-bound grey spirit, occasionally visible to the eyes of a clairvoyante, and which would frequently envelope the writer like a cloud. This presence would create a mental depression, which it is impossible to describe.

Nevertheless, at the Hermitage my father had some very interesting experiences. It was there, that upon Mrs. Nenner's first visit, occurred the following singular instance of a manifestation of

TRANSCORPOREAL ACTION OF SPIRIT.*

"I conducted Mrs. Nenner through a room which contained some ancient furniture and a quantity of valuable old china. This china had been left in our care by a friend during his lengthened absence

* Contributed to the interesting article of "M.A., Oxon.," on "Transcorporeal Action of Spirit," which appeared in "Human Nature." Recent experiences amongst the "Theosophists" in this direction, and numerous facts and experiences still to be collected, deserve careful attention from students of Psychology, inferences of the highest importance being thence to be drawn, not alone with reference to mediumship, but also with reference to the normal condition of sleep.

abroad. His thoughts from his place of sojourn at the Antipodes constantly reverted to these heirlooms.

" 'Who are these six gentlemen, evidently brothers, sitting where the old china is?' asked Mrs. Nenner, when we had passed through the room.

" 'There was no one there at all,' I said, much surprised. 'Then,' said she, 'I must have seen six brother spirits. There they were sitting; tall, fair men, light haired, all strikingly alike, all the same age. They must be brothers!' I recognised in her description the owner of the china. Before Mrs. Nenner left, we showed her a portrait of the owner of the china, our friend on the other side of the world. She at once said, 'Oh, that is one of the six brothers!' In some mysterious manner the intensity of thought fixed by the possessor of the china upon his possessions—we knew that his thoughts constantly reverted to them—had been able to manifest itself to the sight in the form of the man himself—but multiplied into six forms. It should be observed that this gentleman was of what now we should term a 'mediumistic' temperament. It is possible, that being at the Antipodes, he might be, at the time his multiplied form was beheld, *asleep*—it being night there when it is day with us—and that his thoughts might have in a dream revisited England."

"It was," says William Howitt, in his "History of the Supernatural," "Mrs. N. (Nenner),

TO WHOM THE SPIRIT OF CAPTAIN WHEATCROFT APPEARED

in London, the same evening that he appeared to his own wife at Cambridge, and informed her that he was killed that day before Lucknow, and that his body was not then buried. 'The thing that I wore,' he said, 'is not buried yet.' The whole case is related by Mr. Dale Owen in his 'Footfalls.' The circumstance had been related by Mrs. N—— to myself before Mr. Owen took up the matter. It will be seen, in Mr. Owen's narrative, that the return of the killed at the storming of Lucknow, did not agree, in the date of the death of the captain, with that of the apparition. To both the ladies the apparition was on November 14, 1857: the return stated the death on the 15th. Had the return been correct, the spirit must have appeared the day before its departure. The solicitor to the captain's family communicated this discrepancy to the War Office, and requested that reference should be made to Lord Clyde as to the correctness of the date in this instance. This was done, and Lord Clyde returned answer that the death took place on the *fifteenth*. Here the ghost and the War Office were at variance; but a letter subsequently received from a brother officer proved the ghost to be right, and the War Office, in consequence, corrected its date. These ghosts, however visionary and unreal some people think them, can on occasion show themselves more exactly accurate than people in the body. I could relate many equally curious proofs of the validity of Mrs. N——'s statement."

As may readily be inferred we gradually became acquainted with various persons investigating the new phenomena in much the same frame of mind as ourselves; some were already more firmly established in their new faith, being further advanced in knowledge and experience; others less so, being in even earlier stages of experience than ourselves, whose knowledge was still extremely crude. We became yet more closely united in friendship with old friends and acquaintance who had already before ourselves become "investigators." Amongst the old friends already "believers," I may, perhaps, name my husband and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, Dr. Robert Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland; as yet Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall had not witnessed their first séance. Amongst the new friends, Professor and Mrs. De Morgan, Professor and Mrs. Nenner, the Rev. James Smith,* Dr. Doherty, Dr. Ashburner, the Honourable Dale Owen, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, &c., &c., &c.; and one of the warmest friends ever possessed by William Howitt, to look back upon whose friendship is a true pleasure, Mr. William Wilkinson, later the proprietor and editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

It was through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland, shortly after our return from Normandy, whilst my father naturally suspended his judgment, and the chaotic mediumistic condition, to which I have referred, still existed, that we became acquainted with a lady, a seeress from childhood, possessed of great powers as a "psychic" both on the intellectual and physical planes, and whose gentle, refined, and benevolent nature endears her to all who have had the privilege to know her intimately. Preferring to be one who works for good and truth in secret, and ever shunning publicity, I feel constrained to speak of this lady—whose extraordinary experiences, if properly recorded, would form a pendant to those of the celebrated Seeress of Prevorst—simply under the initials "L. M." It is to this friend that William Howitt ("History of the Supernatural," p. 226, vol. ii.) refers, saying that she is "one of the ladies who saw the apparition of Squire and Dame Childran at Ramhurst, in Kent, the particulars of which are given

* In "Memoirs of Augustus De Morgan, by his Wife, Sophia E. De Morgan," London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1882, is the following reference to this interesting man:—"Several friends addicted to mystical studies found their way to us. . . . Of these, I think, the Rev. Jas. Smith was the most learned and the least appreciated by the world at large; for his estimate of Swedenborg as an authority on spiritual questions . . . was thought to throw discredit on his good sense. Swedenborg is not held utterly contemptible now, though, as Mr. Smith said then, 'he is least understood by his own followers.'"

by Mr. Owen in his 'Footfalls.' These particulars," he adds, "were also well known to me before Mr. Owen took up the subject, and discovered, by a visit to Ramhurst and to the British Museum, in consequence, "facts regarding Squire Childran and his family known only at Ramhurst through the apparitions, the memory of the family there having almost wholly died out." Amongst the particulars communicated to this lady by Squire Childran's ghost was the date of his death, which Mr. Owen, after much search in the MS. department of the British Museum, found to be perfectly correct."

The manner in which we became acquainted with this lady might be counted amongst "modern miracles." "L. M.," visiting us occasionally whilst residing at the Hermitage and later on at West Hill Lodge, Highgate—whither we shortly removed—such remarkable séances took place, such unpremeditated tests occurred, proving the identity, incontestably to my father's mind, of spirits belonging to his own family—to whom the seeress was an entire stranger;—such characteristic messages from the spirit of his beloved mother were given—one of which, the first delivered, has remained henceforth as a sort of talismanic motto for her descendants—that he found his doubts to fade away and his judgment to become fully established as regarded the existence of communication between the invisible and the visible worlds.

More than this, also. Harmonious conditions having been established for our growth in a fuller knowledge of things spiritual, our knowledge and development progressed rapidly. Truly it might be termed the *re-creation* of us all. Speaking of this remarkable time, the writer has already, upon another occasion, observed that then "ideas of lovely new truths gradually unfolded themselves, and old truths, breathed upon by spirit, were no longer dry bones, but clothed in the blooming freshness of immortal life." Even as in the prophet's vision, bone united itself to bone of old and fragmentary Truth, and gradually a glorious, harmonious, newly-arisen system of Divine life stood revealed before us, welcoming us into a new day. But all had to be learned through patience, prayer, faith, and—trial. Truly has it been said by that wise and experienced writer, the Rev. James Smith, when speaking of the training of the spirit-mediums through development of the intellect—and alone through *such* development can the philosophy of this great dispensation be attained to—"They were trained to interpret even by contraries, to seek truth through the mazes of falsehood, and driven to use their reason even when forbidden to use it."

What substantial comfort henceforth William Howitt re-

ceived through the broad acceptance of the fact of spirit-manifestation, accompanied even with much that is perplexing and troublous, is proved by the following remarks written by himself some years later. He says that in his youth at one period he had read the various sceptical writers of the day—Voltaire, Volney, and their school—and that although his admiration of the supreme truth and nobility of Christ's doctrines remained in his mind unaffected by the influence of these writers, *not so his imagination.*

"My imagination," he says, "was to a degree tainted, and became a source of doubt and anxiety in my mind. A dark shadow of fear, like a cloud coming over the sun, would continually haunt me, and spite of the firm stand of the intellect would whisper, 'But if, after all, there should somewhere be a flaw in your reasoning, and all the fair show of historical truth be but a beautiful seeming?' This ugly haunting fear beset me for years, and no amount of intellectual conviction could cast the devil out. I used to pray that God would give me a convincing proof of the reality of the soul and its future life; that God would not so perseveringly hide Himself from the present generation. Thus did I continue in this curious and uncomfortable condition intellectually, believing and imaginatively doubting, till the introduction to Spiritualism, many years after, fully answered the demand of continued proof, and set my mind at rest for ever. Here was exactly the answer to my continued prayer for some proof. I saw incontrovertible evidences of spirit-life, and though these were of a mingled character, good and evil, they were at all events *real*, and by direct immediate *knowledge* superseded all doubt and all reasoning. Spiritualism even, spite of all the opposition to it and ridicule of it, is nothing less than the practical answer to the prayer and demand of ages; and, on being duly inspected, showed that in all times, the same evidences were offered to those who were willing to accept them."

There were not wanting in William Howitt's own personal experiences of mediumship tests of remarkable clearness, such tests as, unsought-for, bring with them the strongest conviction of their truth. Here is one—

A STRIKING MESSAGE GIVEN THROUGH A TABLE.

"Our friend Dr. S—H—, then living at Derby," writes William Howitt, "came in one morning. He said, 'I would like to ask a question of the spirits through your little table. May we sit down?' We sat down, and I said 'You can ask your question in your own mind—I need know nothing of it.' He did so, and it was soon tilted out, 'Jesus Christ has taken little David to his rest.' At this Dr. H. sprang from his chair, saying, 'God forbid!'

"I asked him why he was so much concerned? He replied, 'I have a patient, a little boy, the only child of his parents, the hope and treasure of their lives. He seemed so much better that I thought

I could run up to town for a few days on very important business; and now if this has really happened, what a stunning blow to his parents! I must hurry off down by the next train.' I advised him to telegraph and ascertain the reality of the case; but he was too much agitated. He hurried away; took the train; and on arriving at Derby found his little patient had died about an hour before he put the question in our house."

Nor did he, like other wise investigators, fail to learn much, even through

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE UNDEVELOPED.

"It appeared to us evident that there were plenty of disembodied spirits roaming about the confines of earth in a very low state, and, as it would seem, under very little surveillance. Some of these spirits would say, on my questioning who and what they were, that they were no spirits known to us; *that they simply had seen a light in passing, and had come in.* Some professed to be in a state of darkness and of desolation. On asking whether we should pray for them, some declined, saying that they did not want to be better, and did not expect to be happier, for they did not love Christ, and Christ did not love them. We sometimes reminded them of the Prodigal Son, and sometimes read the parable to them. Some then said that they felt better, and were comforted; others, that they were no better, and had no hope, and did not want to have any. Others said that they were very unhappy, and wandering in darkness through the waste places of creation. They desired our prayers, and expressed themselves benefited by them, and came again and again. Some of the good spirits who frequently came, said that they had to descend into lower regions to endeavour to reclaim and bring up spirits, the spirits of their relatives sometimes. That these were most painful missions, for they were obliged to put themselves in a manner into the condition of those that they sought to benefit and raise; and to pass amongst crowds of low, malignant, and vulgar spirits, who mocked and jeered and insulted them, and did all in their power to prevent any of the spirits they sought to reclaim, following them, or listening to them. They said that as Christ had suffered in his endeavours to save souls, both on earth and in Hades, so all who followed Christ had to suffer in degree in the same labours of reclamation. Some spirits, they said, had sunk so low, that they had lost not only almost all desire for becoming better, but even were fallen into a condition of only partial animation. Some of the good spirits said that, in their journeys of this kind, they stood on the tops of the lofty mountains of Eternity, and had wonderful views into the depths of Infinitude, and into the future of the world. Once they said they saw a gigantic arm stretched out in the heavens, which indicated the indignation of the Almighty, and menaces of

COMING WARS AND CALAMITIES.

"This was some short time previous to the commencement of the

great American struggle between North and South, and to the commencement of the wars of Europe, of Denmark and Prussia, of Prussia and Austria, of Germany and France.* Another very remarkable prognostication was written by my hand. At the time that there was fear of invasion from France, under Napoleon III., and the Volunteers were raised in England, it was spiritually written through my hand, that we need have no fear of Napoleon, for he would never come to England as an invader, but in a while would be taken away in a manner that no one could have a conception of. This stands written in the book in which I wrote what my hand was moved to write, with the proper date attached, and the regular sequence in the book."

Here is a picture of

ENTRANCE INTO THE INTERMEDIATE STATE,

which assuredly is highly instructive :—

"On one occasion, a spirit unknown, and declining to give his name, said that he would relate to us his first experiences in the spirit-world. He said that he found himself with a number of others in utter darkness—cold, hungry, and most miserable. In endeavouring to advance, he and his companions found their progress obstructed by a massive and lofty wall. They felt along it to discover some door or passage through it, but could find none, though they continued their search to a great distance. At length, in despair, they shouted to make some one hear them, but for a long time received no answer but a dreary and hollow echo. All else was silent and dead—a vacancy and most terrible negation. They then burst into cries of desperation and despair, when at length a Voice demanded who they were and what they wanted. They replied that they were newly disembodied spirits, who were perishing with cold, starvation, and nakedness. They wanted to know where they should find a door of escape from this region of darkness and of the shadow of death. The Voice replied in stern tones, 'There is no door.' They insisted on its being found for them. There was no response. After fresh demands for entrance, they cried, 'Let us in, for we are cold and famishing, and naked, and miserable.' Then the Voice replied, 'I have told you that there is no door.' But they reiterated, 'Let us in ! there *must* be a door, and therefore let us in ; for we are gentlemen and cannot wait longer.' On this the Voice replied, 'Listen ! there is a door ; but it does not exist for you. To you it is *no door*. On the earth you lived only for yourselves. You felt nothing, did nothing for your fellowman. Your only love, feeling, and sympathy were for yourselves. You felt no thankfulness to God for your blessings, or that thankfulness would have generated in your hearts love for your fellowmen. The door in this wall is composed of two folds ; one is Love to God, the other Love

* Indeed, this time of "wars and rumours of wars" has continued with but short intermission until the present time, 1882.

to Man. You had neither of these on earth, and therefore you find them not here. As you were as an adamantine wall to your fellow-men, an adamantine wall now rises inexorably before you, as before all who are in your condition, cutting off all admission to more favourable regions, all possible progress and advance towards heaven; as you measured, it is meted to you.'

"This terrible announcement struck them down like dead men. They lay and bewailed themselves bitterly, and cried vehemently for a long time for mercy and pardon; and at length a Voice cried, 'Arise!' and a strong hand was put forth from the darkness, and the apparently impassable wall gave way to that mighty hand, and they found themselves in a dusky, and, as it were, Cimmerian meadow, where friendly beings clothed and fed them, and told them that now they were in the open highway of the great Pilgrimage of Eternity, and must advance, grow purer, and enjoy, according to their own exertions,—to their obedience to their spiritual guides and teachers, and to the prayerful love with which they clung to the life of the Great Father, and to the law of Christ—the love of their neighbour.

"Will any one persist," exclaims my father, "in saying that great, practical lessons like these, taught from the inner to the outer world, are not substantial results of Spiritualism?"

These experiences were obtained in the strictly private circle of his home, he himself sitting with some member of his family.

(To be continued.)

PSYCHOGRAPHY: *

COLLECTION OF EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF THE PHENOMENON OF WRITING WITHOUT HUMAN AGENCY, IN A CLOSED SLATE OR OTHER SPACE, ACCESS TO WHICH BY ORDINARY MEANS IS PRECLUDED.

By M.A. (OXON.)

(Revised and Corrected with a large amount of additional matter.)

GENERAL CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE—*(Continued.)*

Finally, I adduce a detailed record of a careful experiment in which the most elaborate precautions against fraud were maintained throughout. The same phenomenon of the ap-

* The object with which a revised edition of this little volume is presented to the public is to make known as widely as possible the nature of the evidence on which Spiritualists ground their belief.

I believe that in Psychography we have a fact susceptible of simple and complete demonstration in a higher degree than any other equally important phenomenon in Spiritualism.

parent suspension of the law of the impenetrability of matter is to be noted here.

I had bought at the paper and office-utensil warehouse of F. G. Mulius, in this place (Market No. 13), a great number of such book-slates provided with hinges. These bear inside, on the polished wooden frames, the manufacture mark, "A. W. Faber, No. 58," are rectangular, and their outer extent amounts to 260 millimètres in length, and 184 millimètres in breadth. Since the breadth of the wooden frames is 20 millimètres, there remains for the size of the two inferior slate surfaces a rectangular surface of 220 millimètres in length, and 144 millimètres in breadth. Since the plane of the wooden frame overtops that of the slate-surface within, on each side, by 3 millimètres, there is within such a book-slate, when completely closed, a free space of 220 millimètres length, 144 millimètres breadth, and 6 millimètres depth. At the side where the hinges are (which are very solid, of brass, and 20 millimètres broad), the edges of the wooden frame shut together so tight that it is impossible to pass between them any object of appreciable thickness (for example a single sheet of writing-paper), and so to introduce it into the inner space of the closed slate. Moreover, the interval between the brass

I believe that the nature of the evidence on which it is believed is such that it will stand any fair sifting.

Yet, such is the mass of new phenomena which are constantly being forced on attention, that there is some risk that valuable facts may be lost sight of, especially by those whose acquaintance with the subject is recent.

Many such are to be found, no doubt, among the readers of this *Review*, and I have, therefore, thought it well to place my facts before them prior to their republication in the shape of a book. I hope thus to reach a wider audience than I otherwise should.

It may be useful if I add here a list of books which may usefully be perused by the inquirer, which can be obtained post free from the Psychological Press Association, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.—M.A. (Oxon.)

La Réalité des Esprits et le Phenomene Merveilleux de leur Ecriture Directe.
Baron L. de Guldenstubbé.

Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, 2 vols. 20s. Eugene Crowell, M.D.

Planchette. 6s.

The Proof-Palpable of Immortality. 4s. 6d. } Epes Sargent.

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. 6s. 6d. }

Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations. 12s. 6d. Robert Hare, M.D.

Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. 5s. Alfred Russell Wallace.

Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism. 5s. W. Crookes, F.R.S.

Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society. 5s.

Arcana of Spiritualism. 5s. 6d. Hudson Tuttle.

Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism. 5s. Judge Edmonds. -

The Debatable Land. 8s. 6d.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. 7s. 6d. } Hon. R. Dale Owen.

Spirit Identity. 5s.

Higher Aspects of Spiritualism. 2s. 6d. } M.A. (Oxon.).

Transcendental Physics. Prof. Zöllner. Translated by C. C. Massey.
Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

hinges—each fastened by six wooden screws—is only 122 millimètres. On the front side, each of the two wooden frames has a pierced cylindrical brass spiral of 15 millimètres length, and 6 millimètres inner aperture; so that, the slate being shut, a slate-pencil can be stuck through both these spirals, by which means the two slates can then be firmly closed together. When thus closed, the space covered by the two spirals on the front side in the middle of the wooden frame amounts, like the hinges, to 40 millimètres, while between the two spirals is still left a small interval of 3 millimètres. On the outside, the slates are cased with brown lacquered wood.

With one of these slates I betook myself, on the 6th May, 1878, in the forenoon, to the residence of my colleague Wach, Professor of Criminal Law in this University, and imparted to him my above-mentioned idea. Professor Wach was entirely of my opinion, that such a slate, if firmly sealed after insertion of a small piece of pencil, and then written upon inside in the presence of Slade, would afford convincing proof, even for persons who had not themselves taken part in such a sitting, of the reality of one of the most remarkable phenomena occurring in Slade's presence. My colleague was also ready immediately to make an experiment himself in the manner proposed. After a small splinter of pencil, of the size commonly used by Slade, was laid upon one of the slates, the slate was shut and then fastened by sticking two strips of paper, 35 millimètres broad, with liquid glue over the shorter frame (184 millimètres long). Over the edges of the strips of paper so glued on, Professor Wach also placed two seals, on each side, impressed with his own signet. The strips of paper were intentionally inscribed on the inner side to facilitate discovery in the event of an artificial reunion after tearing. My suggestion to place two seals also on the front side for greater security, my colleague rejected as superfluous, since he was firmly convinced that the securing with four seals completely sufficed already for the discovery of any artifice. With the slate thus fastened, I repaired to the residence of my friend Oscar von Hoffmann, and told him my design.

After my conversation with Herr Oscar von Hoffmann, I placed that slate quietly in the room in my friend's house appointed for Slade's use. Slade himself, so far as I can recollect, was not at home at that time; and I first saw him again on the evening of that day (6th May, 1878, at about 8.45) for the purpose of a sitting. After some words of greeting I took the slate from the closet near the table, and explained to Mr. Slade, who now apparently saw the slate for the first time, the object I had in view in regard to it. We both, one after the other, satisfied ourselves, by shaking, that the small piece of pencil was between the surfaces of the two slates. I now laid this slate on that side of the card-table (to Slade's left) where were the other slates and different objects, with which *it remained lying from now continuously under my eyes*. Immediately after laying down the slate, I sat with Slade at the card-table, on which a brightly burning candle stood. Slade hereupon took up again in his

hand the slate referred to, I narrowly and continually watching it, and asked me whether I would not like to affix two seals to both sides of the above described cylindrical brass spirals, and to impress them with my own signet. Having the latter in my pocket, and a stick of sealing-wax lying on the table among other writing utensils, I at once, on the above words of Slade, took the slate with my left hand, drew the signet from my right trouser pocket, laid it on the table, then took the sealing-wax, holding the slate all the time with my left hand, with the wooden edges which had to be sealed turned upwards. Thereupon, holding these edges firmly pressed together with my left hand, I placed on the above-indicated places two large seals, on which I pressed my signet. When the wax had become cold, the two wooden edges of the closed slates were thus so tightly connected that it was *impossible* to push a sheet of paper through those parts which were not stuck with paper and seals. Thereupon I laid the slate so fastened upon the table, and indeed at a place at least a foot and a half removed from Slade's hands, which lay under mine, and were thereby controlled. I now joined in conversation with Slade, and asked him, among other things, whether he had not yet tried, instead of slate-writing, to obtain writing with lead pencil and paper, since this would be an extremely interesting variation of the direct writing produced in his presence. Slade replied that he had not, but was at once ready to make the attempt. We unlinked our hands, and I took from the writing utensils lying ready on the table a half sheet of common letter paper (219 millimètres long, 143 millimètres broad, manufacture mark *Bath*), folded it again about the middle, as if it had to be put into a large letter-cover 144 millimètres broad and 110 millimètres deep, and laid between the two halves of this sheet a cylindrical piece of graphite of 5 millimètres length and 1 millimètre thickness such as is used for lead-pencil holders. I was about to lay this piece of paper, so folded with the bit of graphite lying in the fold, under the above described sealed slate, when Slade, under control, proposed that I should tear off two bits from a corner of the folded paper, and keep these by me. I at once recognised the importance of this precaution, to establish the identity of the piece of paper in case it was written on, or disappeared and reappeared after some time. Two pieces were therefore, according to Slade's suggestion, torn off at the same time from one corner of the folded half sheet, and these I forthwith put into the gold-compartment of my purse. Then the slate was again laid on the above-described place on the table, and under it was pushed the folded half sheet of letter paper with the stick of graphite lying between the folds, so that the slate completely covered it. We next laid our hands again upon the table, as before, Slade's hands firmly covered by mine, and thus prevented from moving.

We had sat quietly in this position for some time, perhaps five minutes, but nothing worth notice occurred. Slade often shuddered, as by a spasm passing through him, but all remained quiet, so that we became impatient, and Slade resorted to his usual expedient of

begging information from his spirits, by help of a slate held half under the table. We unjoined our hands for this purpose. Slade took the uppermost of the slates, which always lay in readiness at his left, bit a splinter from a slate-pencil, laid it on the slate, and held the latter with his left hand half under the table, while he placed his right hand again under both of mine. We forthwith distinctly heard writing, and very soon afterwards the three ticks (*tick-tacks*) which announced that the writing was finished. When the slate was drawn out and eagerly examined by us, the following words were upon it—"Look for your paper." I immediately raised the sealed slate to look for the folded sheet of letter-paper pushed under it, with the bit of graphite inside, about five minutes before: both had *disappeared*. I was startled, indeed, at this unexpected phenomenon, but not particularly astonished, since I had already in earlier sittings witnessed the disappearance and reappearance of objects so abundantly and under such stringent conditions, that this fact in and for itself offered nothing any longer new for me. I looked often anxiously to the ceiling of the room, in the hope that the paper would fall down, by good chance *written upon*, but it came not, nor did anything else remarkable happen. I therefore desired Slade to ask his spirits in the usual manner, which he at once did by means of one of the slates lying ready. The noise of writing was immediately heard, and on the slate being withdrawn, *was upon it*—"The paper is between the slates, and *it is written on it*" (*sic*). Highly pleased at the ingenious combination of physical and intellectual phenomena, I forthwith seized the sealed slate, shook it violently, and in fact distinctly heard the shifting movement of the paper lying between the sides. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (it was about half-past ten o'clock), I repaired at once to the residence of my colleague Wach, in order that the double-slate, sealed by him in the morning, might be opened in his presence and by himself. However, I did not find Professor Wach at home; I could only leave word that I would come again next morning. The slate itself I did not let out of my custody, and took it with me to my residence for the night.

When, next morning, I made my appearance again at the residence of my friend O. von Hoffman with my sealed slate, in which should be the piece of paper written on with pencil, Slade fell suddenly, at breakfast, into one of his well-known trances; and with closed eyes and altered tone of voice made an address to me in English which, in conclusion, contained statements of what we should find—on opening the sealed double-slate—written with pencil on the paper lying therein.

This was somewhere about ten o'clock in the morning of the 7th May, 1878, and three hours later I met my colleagues Wach and Herr O. von Hoffmann at the residence of the Counsellor Thiersch, in order to open the slates fastened with six seals, and which had been up to this time continually in my custody. When this was done, we found, within, the piece of paper which had been folded by

me the evening before, with the stick of graphite, *completely smooth*, without showing any other foldings whatever which could denote a forcible insertion through a narrow cleft. This would, moreover, have been altogether impossible without injury to the seals, since the extent of the edges of the frame left free between my seals and the strips of paper employed for fastening by Professor Wach—quite apart from their tight adhesion to each other—amounted at the maximum to only 80 millimètres, whereas the narrowest side of the folded sheet of letter paper amounted to 119 millimètres. The often-mentioned two brass spirals on the front side of the slate clasped one over the other in such a manner that every possibility was excluded of shoving in a piece of paper from this side. After opening the slate, I took from my purse the two bits of paper torn off on the evening before, and satisfied myself and my friends of their perfect adaptation to the sheet of paper found. All little irregularities of the edges fitted into each other so exactly, that not the slightest doubt could prevail that the torn-off bits of paper formed the completion of the half sheet of letter paper.

I reproduce here the writing obtained, so far as it is possible for me to read it.

Gottes Vater treue geht
 Ueber alle Welt hinaus
 Bete das sie (?) kehrt
 Ein in unser armes Haus
 Wir müssen alle sterben
 Ob arm wir oder reich
 Und werden einst erwerben
 Das schöne Himmelreich.

Now, is the 4th dimension proven? We are not working with the slate-pencil or on the slate, as our powers are now in other directions.

The strange writing is unknown to me. (Javanese?) *

I have thought it well to quote in the words of the author, omitting only some unimportant details, these conclusive experiments. I should have been willing to condense the main facts, but I have thought it more respectful to the distinguished author to permit him to speak himself. Many other facts are contained in the excerpts from his larger work which Mr. Massey has placed within reach, and to these as specially bearing on the subject of Psychography among others, I refer my readers.

CORRESPONDENCE IN "THE TIMES."

Before I summarise the evidence which has been brought forward, I may be permitted to refer in passing to such points of testimony as were brought out in the correspondence in *The Times*, at the time of the Slade prosecution. Into the

* Massey's Zöllner, p. 175.

vexed questions raised during that period, it is not my purpose to enter. I have no desire to stir up the embers of old fires; nor do I wish to assume a controversial attitude in presenting my evidence. It would be easy for me to impeach the conduct of that memorable prosecution, and to show how much reason we, who have dived somewhat further below the surface than the prosecutors had, have to find fault with the measure of justice served out to us. At another time I shall be ready to do this, even more fully than I have already done it:* for the present, it is outside my line of argument, and would impede my purpose. I have no desire to impugn the action of those gentlemen who have thought it their duty to prosecute Slade. Nor have I any intention of questioning their beliefs. My object is historical, not controversial. My business is simply to place on record facts which, I hope, may lead a discerning public to agree with me in the opinion, that the conclusion they arrived at was hasty, and that the method of investigation employed was not the scientific method. I do not set myself to impugn, or even to influence the beliefs of any man. I only desire to record certain facts, which I invite him to square with those beliefs. If he can disprove my facts, I shall be happy to listen to his argument. If he can accept them, and fit them in to his mind, I shall be happy to recognise a friend in thought. But if he can do neither, and if he still tries to shun my facts—if he falls back on *à priori* impossibilities, or shifts from one leg to another, in the vain hope of avoiding them by procrastination, halting between two opinions, nearly as uncomfortable in the one as in the other—I can but take off my hat to his logic, and pity his dilemma.

During the agitation that succeeded Professor Lankester's assault upon the slate, several letters found a place in *The Times*. It is not worth while to quote the correspondence, but I may record here, as strengthening my argument, the experience of a man who is perfectly familiar with these facts, and is, so far, a better judge than one who is not.

Mr. Joy, M. Inst. C.E., writes from the Junior United Service Club thus:—

1. Slade sat on my left, facing me, and in such a position that not only his legs and his feet, but his whole body, as well as both hands and arms, were in full view during the whole séance, except when he was avowedly holding the slate under the table, when one hand and fore-arm were concealed.

2. The writing always came on the upper side of the slate.

* The Slade Case. By M. A. (Oxon.) See also Appendix to my "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism."

3. On one occasion I wrote a question on one side of the slate, holding it in such a position that Slade could not possibly see what I was writing, not that it would have made any difference if he had done so; for, after I had turned the slate so as to have the writing downwards, Slade took hold of one corner, while I still held the other, and, while both were thus holding it, we passed it underneath the table, when Slade immediately let go, and placed both his hands on the top of the table. Under these circumstances I got a distinct answer to my question written on the upper side of the slate.

The late Mr. G. C. Joad adds his testimony:—

I took with me a book-slate—i.e. two slates joined down one side so as to close like a book. I first examined Dr. Slade's fingers; the nails were cut down so low that I do not believe he could have picked up a pin, and there was no mark of a piece of pencil having been pushed between the nail and the flesh. I then inspected Dr. Slade's slate, which was on the table, and initialed one corner; it was then immediately placed close against the under side of the table at the corner, in such a position that I could see Dr. Slade's thumb on the rim of the slate projecting beyond the edge of the table nearest to him, while the corner of the slate with my initials was just visible beyond the side of the table nearest to me. A scratching was at once heard, and on removal a message was seen written on the upper side where my initials were. I need hardly say I kept my eyes on the visible portion of the slate all the time.

I then produced my own slate, perfectly clean, a tiny piece of pencil was placed between the flaps, the slate was closed, and at once placed beneath the table. I could see by one end that it was kept closed; a message was written inside, the writing was left, and the piece of pencil placed on the inner surface that remained clean. This time Dr. Slade, on the slate being closed, raised it, and rested one corner on the point of my left shoulder, the slate projecting to the front, so that by turning my head I could see the whole of it. It was moved directly from the table to my shoulder, and I did not lose sight of it for a second. A scratching began, and on the three taps being heard, the slate was placed on the table and opened, when on the previously clean surface was seen written, "Cannot do more; let this be proof.—Allie." Perhaps I may as well mention that no raps or kicks occurred to distract my attention.

GEORGE C. JOAD.

Oakfield, Wimbledon Park, W., Sept. 18th.

And Professor Barrett, F.R.S.E., writes a very commendable letter, in which, protesting against the brute-force argument of Mr. Lankester, he details what he himself obtained—drawing attention to what may throw much light upon obscure phenomena of this kind—viz., the mental phenomena of transference of thought, and generally of the action of one mind upon another, across space, without the intervention of the senses.

Soon after my first sitting with Slade I noticed the same suspicious circumstances to which Professor Lankester alludes—namely, the movement of the tendons of the wrist, the coughing, fidgeting, etc., and, in addition, the fact of Slade always sitting back to the light and sideways, so that the front of his person is in comparative shade, though generally in full view. Naturally the first explanation that suggested itself was one something like that given by Professor Lankester, but observations on several subsequent sittings to test this and other theories failed, in my opinion, to establish any one of them so conclusively as Professor Lankester asserts.

Instead of forcibly interrupting Slade and discovering writing when none was supposed to be present—which is the substance of Professor Lankester's exposure, and to which Slade might furnish a ready reply, based upon his ignorance of when the writing does actually occur—I made the following experiment:—

Taking a slate clean on both sides, I placed it on the table so that it rested above, although its surface could not touch a fragment of slate pencil. In this position I held the slate firmly down with my elbow; one of Slade's hands was then grasped by mine, and the tips of the fingers of his other hand barely touched the slate. While closely watching both of Slade's hands, which did not move perceptibly, I was much astonished to hear scratching going on apparently on the under side of the table, and when the slate was lifted up I found the side facing the table covered with writing. A similar result was obtained on other days; further, an eminent scientific friend obtained writing on a clean slate when it was held entirely in his own hand, both of Slade's being on the table.

This seems to be the place to add the testimony of one who has had the combined advantages of large opportunity for observation, and of a training in exact scientific methods which fits him to utilise the opportunities placed in his way.

Mr. W. H. Harrison, late Editor of *The Spiritualist*, writes:—

Before Dr. Slade came to London, years of observation at numerous séances had proved to me that the materialised hands common at séances were most frequently the duplicates of those of the medium, and produced nearly the same handwriting. The first messages I saw produced in the presence of Dr. Slade were given in broad daylight, under such clear test physical conditions as to leave no room for the imposture theory in the mind of any trained or competent scientific observer. I noticed that they were nearly always in the handwriting of the medium; and this, which to an ignorant person would have been indicative of imposture, was in favour of the genuineness of the phenomena to an expert. On leaving the room after the séance, I had a short talk with Mr. Simmons, and without telling him what I knew, but merely to test his integrity, I asked him whether the handwriting on the slates bore any resemblance to that of Dr. Slade. Without hesitation, he replied that there was usually a strong resemblance. This shows the truthfulness and

absence of exaggeration incidental to the statements of Mr. Simmons, who is one of the coolest and quietest men living; had he been prone to making statements in advance of the facts, he would have tried to make the phenomena more wonderful, and have said that there was generally no resemblance between the handwritings. But the truth was thus unreservedly told by Mr. Simmons directly after he reached London, and was forthwith printed by me in *The Spiritualist*, for the information of observers at Dr. Slade's sésances.

In dealing with such facts, the testimony of skilled observers is of most value. A reputed scientific man, ignorant of astronomy, who entered an observatory and said that he knew more about the work done there than astronomical experts, and who behaved with "bounce" generally, would not be recognised by the scientific world as a creditable representative.

SUMMARY OF FACTS.

The sum of what I have stated may be resolved into the following propositions:—

1. That there exists a Force which operates through a special type of human organism, and which is conveniently called **PSYCHIC FORCE**.

2. That this force is (in certain cases) demonstrably governed by Intelligence.

3. That this Intelligence is (in certain cases) provably not that of the person or persons through whom the Force is evolved.

4. That this Force, thus governed by an external Intelligence, manifests its action in (amongst other methods) the writing of coherent sentences without the intervention of any of the usual methods of writing. Such abnormal writing is conveniently called **Psychography**.

5. That the evidence for the existence of this Force, thus governed by an external Intelligence, rests upon:

- (a) The evidence of the observer's senses.
- (b) The fact that a language other than that known to the Psychic is frequently used.
- (c) The fact that the subject-matter of the writing is frequently beyond the knowledge of the Psychic.
- (d) The fact that it is demonstrably impossible to produce the results by fraud under conditions similar to those under which the phenomena are obtained.
- (e) The fact that these special phenomena are produced not only in public, and for gain, but in private, and without the presence of any person outside of the family circle.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE train by which the Doctor proposed to return to Thorpe Magna started from quite a different railway station. It would not leave until half-past eight, and it was not yet six. The Doctor had eaten nothing since leaving home, and though he was not very hungry he thought he might get over some of the time by ordering something to eat. He entered the restaurant, ordered what he required, and sat down at a little table. Whilst he was talking to one of the young ladies who superintended the refreshment department, a stranger, who looked like an American, also came up and ordered dinner.

"Seen the evening newspapers, sir?" said the stranger, taking a seat at another little table, which happened to be near that of the doctor.

"No, I have not——"

"They haven't yet caught *him*, I see."

Who could the *him* be, that the American, after the manner of his countrymen, honoured with unusual emphasis, as he enunciated his sentence. The Doctor felt so certain that the allusion was to Max that he had no need to ask the question.

"I am sorry that a compatriot of mine has got in such a fix." The allusion was evidently to Maximilian Artus.

The stranger was heavily built, with a short bristly red moustache, and a small but thick goat beard of the same colour. He had on a travelling ulster of a broad checked pattern. The collar was chocolate and brown; his tie lavender. In his hand was a red morocco travelling bag of a foreign pattern.

"I don't quite know to what you allude," said the Doctor, growing very inquisitive.

"To the Kingsbury business—what else?"

"You think, then, that young Artus committed the crime."

"I should have 'opiniated,'" said the American, "that there were not two ideas about that."

"Well, the idea seems general enough, but I really don't see that is so self-evident. The young man is described as being courageous, of generous impulse——"

"It is certain that he is all that;—I'm certain, for I knew him at New Orleans, and I'm quite certain he committed the murder——"

"What makes you think so?" said the Doctor.

"I judge from what I know of him, and from what has come out. In New Orleans once he fought a duel with five shooters over a gambling table. He gave his adversary the first shot, but insisted on going on until one was hit. He killed that adversary. He was utterly reckless of life and money, not seeming to attach the slightest value to either."

"How does this bear on the case?"

"In this way. He wanted money for a special purpose, and was helping himself to some of Sir Rupert's when the baronet awoke. He killed him quite coolly——"

"Why should he have killed him? That's what I fail to see. The sister was shortly to have at her disposal the baronet's money. Killing Sir Rupert made him poor not rich. He could have told Sir Rupert that he was hard up, and wanted his assistance to go to America."

"You or I could have done all that, but not Maximilian Artus. He knew that he was stealing, and his first impulse proceeded from a sense of shame. With him first impulses were irresistible"——

"Every body seems to take it for granted that for some mysterious reason or another he was in pressing need of a large sum of money that very night. As far as I see this is a pure assumption——"

"He told his sister so. Gamblers are always in pressing need of a large sum of money. A gambler is a sieve through whom streams of money pass, floods of money that never have the slightest effect upon him. I could tell you a number of things about his recent life. Be sure of this, if he had not committed the murder he would have been fool enough to have given himself up long ago. Are you wanted?"

"Wanted!"

"The British Government takes a greater paternal interest in some of its subjects than it does in others, and tells off intelligent persons in whom it can thoroughly rely to watch their interests and indeed their persons. I allude to detectives in disguise——"

"Detectives in disguise!" said the Doctor, aghast. He was thunderstruck. The stranger evidently alluded, he thought, to Chivery. He must have seen them together.

"The little man, dressed as one of your High Church Anglican priests, and harmlessly munching buns, is plainly a detective. You can always tell your detectives in England by their military boots. The rest of their disguises is generally good, but the ammunitions spoil the effect——"

Dr. Ives had observed this individual before, and had thought that he had approached unnecessarily near them more than once. His boots, now that the Doctor's attention was called to them, seemed incongruously clumsy. The American gentleman had got up, and carried his red handbag into an inner room. Could it be possible that the individual in the Anglican dress was really a detective? Could he be dogging him? And if so, who could have set him such a task? Obviously it must be Chivery; for nobody else in London was aware of his return thither. Chivery must be pursuing Max with all his old energy.

The Doctor got his baggage out of the cloak-room, and drove to the Paddington Station. The case against Max seemed growing in importance, and matters which were bad enough before seemed getting very much worse. What strange chance was it that drove the well informed American stranger across his path? He evidently knew Max well, very much better than the Doctor himself. He was

convinced that Max had committed the crime. The Doctor had been framing in his mind a hasty project of setting off in pursuit of Max, following him to America, if necessary. He thought that if he could fall in with him he could contrive to set at rest for ever the crucial uncertainty which was preying upon Henriette Artus. Was it not almost providential that he had not been too hasty in this matter?

The train to Thorpe Magna was not to start for ten minutes, and the Doctor was walking up and down the platform, when he was accosted by a policeman in uniform.

"You are Doctor Ives, I believe?"

"I am," said the Doctor.

"Could you come over with me to Scotland Yard?"

"Well, it is inconvenient, as the train is just going off."

"Superintendent Grice told me to come and bring you. The matter is important."

At Scotland Yard Dr. Ives was shown into a small office, and confronted with Superintendent Grice in person.

"You are Dr. Ives," I believe?"

"I am."

"Of Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square?"

"Just so."

"You arrived in London to-day by the 8.32 train from Thorpe Magna. At 11.9 you proceeded to Waterloo Station, and then went off to Wimbledon by 11.41 train?"

"I did."

"At the terminus you took your dinner in the refreshment-room, in company with a stranger, an American?"

"I did."

"Who was that American?"

"I don't know."

"Are you quite certain of that, Dr. Ives?"

"Quite certain."

"Will you tell me why you came up to London at all?"

"On private business of my own."

"Was this business in any way connected with the Kingsbury murder case?"

"I refuse to answer. Stop, tell me this: Am I here in the character of an accused person? If so, be good enough to state what charge you have against me——"

"Oh dear, no, Dr. Ives, nobody here accuses you of anything. Will you give me your word of honour as a gentleman that the American at the Waterloo Station was not Maximilian Artus?"

"I will."

Dr. Ives was obliged to content himself with the next train that night, and a dreary journey did that late transit prove. He was alone in the railway carriage, and the night was very dark. No moon was in the sky, and a pale star here and there served only to make the murky gloom more palpable. With a huge scream, the engine whirled along, passing the slumbering fields, the slumbering

meadows, the slumbering cattle ; and, from time to time, the Doctor looked out into the mysterious and inscrutable night, the world of buried trickeries, and insolvable enigmas. It is said that the atheist half believes in a Creator at the hour of midnight, a dark and misty being, perhaps, like the god that the Zoroastrian created out of the twelve rayless hours. How strangely all things seemed to be ordered in the cities of earth, some of which were flashing from time to time by the railway carriage, with weird coruscation. Place craft and crime on a high pedestal, and docket it with a lying name, and even the truest and bravest seemed ready to fall down and worship it. Was it really the flesh-and-blood Chivery, who no longer looked upon Sir Frank Kingsbury as knave and a rogue, but rather in the light of an Ahriman, to whom foul rites were to be offered up ? It was evident that the Superintendent was the secret mover in all the recent events. He had caused the Doctor to be dogged and watched.

The train, by and by, reached Thorpe Magna, and there was no fly at that late hour. What matter ! Roderic thought that the walk would cool his feverish brow. He stumbled bravely along the rough country road, tripping occasionally, for the night was darker than ever. By and by, he found himself on the grounds of Wannicott. He had been thinking how the untoward events of the day rendered Henriette's fate still more hopeless and rayless, and he had reached the house inadvertently. A dog barked, and in the still night the sound was terribly clear and resonant. Roderic hurried away for fear that the animal might wake up his patient.

Love, in its rare developments, has something of the principle of Volta's pile, where zinc and silver act and react, the one upon the other. Thus, in the early days, we saw that the advent of earnest Dr. Ives amongst the diaphanous butterflies that fluttered round the American heiress, wrought in her, in her belief, a revolution of character. This metamorphosis was real, if the process was misapprehended by her. It was her minor being that was roused and quickened. Love arose for the first time in her brain, and rendered concrete certain dreams of excellence then vaguely floating.

It was then the turn of this changed Henriette Artus to bring her chemistry to bear upon the character of Roderic Ives.

This character was genuine and massive. He was one of those men who can be trusted to be to-morrow what they are to-day. He was endowed with much common-sense and scientific discrimination, and the dangers that threatened his character were approaching from this its strongest side. The impossible dreams and aimless sorrows, as he deemed them, were in reality his safety. They prevented the heroisms that he afterwards showed.

Zinc was once more to react upon silver. From Max, Henriette learned all that had happened. He described Roderic's tenderness and solicitude in the terrible ordeal ; his unexplained depression, and haggard looks. The young girl had a hidden key for all those obscurer passages of the narrative. She knew now that Roderic loved her with a love that would last all his life ; but she knew also

that for the rest of that life he would be too proud to again tell her of that love. How is it that love becomes clairvoyante only when such mystic insight is too late.

With the ruin of the elder Artus, she and her brother became penniless. Lady Dubnock acted like a mother to her; but the sense of dependence galled her. Max went off to America, but he returned in three years without having been able to earn a livelihood; and the sister reproached herself with being the real cause of this wrecked life. This was the main reason of her getting engaged to Sir Rupert Kingsbury.

We have seen how the mystic influence of the Doctor moved the poor girl to go through her heroic struggles after the murder. He alone appreciated those struggles, watched them, sympathised with her in them. His love is now cut off from all hopes of earthly fruition. He frets about this at times, although at a later period when he looked back on those days he was forced to admit that the relations between him and Henriette meant glimpses of nearly unadulterated happiness. Is there a mystic and inflexible edict, that it is only under such conditions that love can reach the skyey regions of the absolute?

A light is at the parlour window of the Doctor's little cottage. This surprises him. He knocks at the door.

It was opened by Chivery.

(To be Continued.)

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

Our Indian contemporary contains further "Fragments of Occult Truth," which are excellent reading, and which, unlike some occult truth, are full of "sweet reasonableness," and do not violently shock the unprepared mind. The evolution of man is declared to be an affair of many lives in many worlds. His life does not begin here, nor does it end with the present fragmentary existence. We are not brand-new creations when we are born here, nor is our eternal future determined by the "blundering, helpless acts of ignorant human life." We pass through a cycle of existences in a chain of worlds, until we are thoroughly developed. Certainly we are not all of us on the same plane of development; nor do we all derive the same benefit from this world as a training-school.—The Reviewer of the "Perfect Way" makes a temperate and dignified re-

joinder to an intemperate and petulant notice of his review by the writers of the book. To suggest that a reviewer, because he objects to some published arguments, "in his private and individual character has an affinity for women of an inferior type" is (as he says) unkind, and far more. It is impertinent in every sense of the word.—Another author, Mr. Oxley, having objected to his reviewer, that writer makes an interminable rejoinder, which is incomplete. Surely this antiphonal discord of Reviewer and reviewed is deplorable, and to be avoided.

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

The conduct of public circles occupies a large share of attention in all journals this month. It is interesting to note the various attitudes taken up by writers and editors. In entire agreement with the opinion of the *Review* is the general attitude of *Light*. The more the subject is discussed, the more plain does it become that there is nothing more to be said that is worth the saying. The enthusiasts blindly ignore plain facts, and will not face them, though to avoid them is a matter of embarrassing difficulty. They are represented by the *Banner of Light*, which has long been conspicuous for a thick-and-thin defence of all mediums. At a humble distance the *Medium* follows, hardly knowing whether to adhere to the general condemnation of public circles, which Mr. Burns very properly uttered some years since, or whether to take some new departure since that publication of the Declaration, which, though signed by over a hundred Spiritualists, representative names in the widest sense, is, of course, not to be entertained for a moment, since it did not emanate from the Spiritual Institution. In spite of this hesitation, there are words of timely wisdom, mixed with much that is neither timely nor wise in what is said on Mediumship. The *Chicago Journal* is in the van of reform, maintaining its old attitude of uncompromising hostility to anything that wears the guise of fraud. It goes further than we in England have seen our way to go, and the forcible language which it uses may strike some of us as exaggerated, and even intemperate at times; but the stick has become so warped that it is well to bend it strongly in the opposite direction. Substantially the work of the *Journal* is the work of *Light* and the *Review*.—The note appended by Mr. Eglinton to his signature is good. He "is opposed to all public sêances, whether in the light or the dark, unless the conditions are favourable to a complete investigation."—The Hon. Roden Noel contributes a most elaborate

and terribly long attack on some Theosophical teachings. C. C. M. replies, but has not yet completed his defence of the psychology of the Adept Brothers. How many of our contemporary's readers can follow the arguments?—A third letter from A. P. S. deals with the evolution of man.—Arrangements with Miss Wood have at length been made by the C. A. S., and there is now every probability that investigations will shortly be commenced by a select circle. We believe that the medium will not be placed out of view, and we hope that the members of the circle will be regular in attendance, and successful in their results.—Mrs. Penny sends a long and interesting paper on "Influx and Inspiration."—C. C. M.'s "Vision of a Past Tragedy," translated from *Licht Mehr Licht*, is a good instance of what Spiritualists rely on as proof of their contention that haunting spirits are earth-bound by their evil deeds, and are working out the punishment due to their crimes. The evidence does not satisfy C. C. M., who looks to a proper classification of the phenomena, such as the Literary Committee of the Society for Psychical Research is now doing, for a "more scientific appreciation of facts not as yet sufficiently discriminated."—Mr. Henry Spicer sends a good and accurate narrative of the Lyttelton Ghost.—E. D. R. contributes an excellent case of Psychography, through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt,—"280 words were written, as nearly as we could estimate, in ten or twelve seconds."—M. A. Oxon records another case which was furnished him by Mrs. Showers, where the writing was got in good light, and without any known medium being present.—The writers of "The Perfect Way" make another testy reply to criticisms on their book.—From the *Banner* is quoted a very good case of physical mediumship and of violent disturbance in a house in New York. Every effort to account for the occurrence on natural principles was vain.—We are glad to see that the appeal made by our contemporary for a sustentation fund has been well responded to.

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

From Mr. Burns's remarks on mediumship, which display that insight into the things of spirit which belongs to his psychical temperament, and which also display that marked individuality which differentiates him from the rest of the world, it may be permitted to quote a characteristic paragraph:—

"The practical result of long experience is, that every step taken in the use of mediumship should be to the end that the spiritual

power be kept pure, augmented, intensified. The laws of mediumship must be carefully studied and observed, the wishes of the spirits followed, which, in the end, will redound to the advantage of the sitters. To place mediums in the midst, and under the licentious scrutiny of persons who have a disregard for all considerations except their ignorantly conceived-of hobbies, is the shortest way to stamp out mediumship altogether. And we must enforce the much-needed lesson, that every busybody, even though he dub himself a 'Spiritualist,' is no more fit to enter the spiritual presence than an elephant is prepared for flight. If the cruder class of human beings will take the matter in their own hands, let them form circles amongst themselves, and they will obtain just as much phenomena as they deserve. But by culturing mediumship, and conserving its forces, there might soon be established powerful spiritual centres, exhibiting the power of spirits in such a remarkable manner, that the least spiritual could not fail but be impressed if admitted under wise arrangements. The phenomena of the future will not be of the solid corpse kind, hitherto regarded as materialisation; but the spirits will appear surrounded by glorious attributes, which will not only testify to an extraordinary fact in the eyes of the beholders, but satisfy all of the spirituality of its nature."

—A letter from Mr. Cartwright, detailing very loosely some manifestations of spirit-power, in the presence of Mr. Husk, one of which was the administration to him of a mixture of curaçoa and whiskey (!), is made the text for some very appropriate protests against such proceedings. It is as necessary to discountenance such mockeries of all that is noble and good and spiritual, as it is to root out fraud. Till Spiritualists recognise the law of affinity, to which our writer draws attention, and on which Mr. Burns forcibly dilates, such discreditable excesses will constantly throw contempt and ridicule on Spiritualism.—"The Discipline of Life," by C. W. Dymond; "Does Spiritualism Supersede or Supplement Christianity?" by E. W. Wallis; "What Constitutes the Individuality of the Human Soul, and will that Individuality ever become Extinct or Annihilated?" by S. Main, furnish good and instructive teaching.—Mr. Burns criticises amusingly a lecture delivered by Dr. Aveling on "The Border Land between Living and Non-Living Things." This he dubs "the gospel of dirt," and describes the lecturer in very uncomplimentary terms as "a somewhat slender young man, with poor blood, weak digestion, and infirm lung capacity. The brain is well developed in the anterior portion, the length and breadth being, however, greater in proportion than the height."—"A. T. T. P." continues his controls; and the general contents of the *Medium* are of interest.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

Reference has already been made to the attitude of the *Banner* in respect of form manifestations, which, by the way, drew forth temperate and strong protests from the editor of *Light*, and his contributor, "M. A. (Oxon)," against the unjust imputation to them of motives utterly repugnant to their minds. It is not necessary to pursue the matter further. The desire of the *Banner* to protect mediums from possible injury and wrong, leads it to a very one-sided and frequently indiscreet line of action. But no one doubts the real desire of the *Banner* to do what it believes best for Spiritualism, and it is the more to be regretted that harmonious action, not only between the two American journals, but between all Spiritualists, wherever dwelling, cannot be had. We must fight out, each for himself, the truth he can grasp; and, in doing so, it should be our care that we do not waste force by fighting with each other instead of against our common foe.—Dr. Alexander Wilder has a learned defence of Astral Theology. A study of Eastern theologies, combined with a knowledge of Freemasonry, is leading scholars to this plane of thought.—Mrs. Tappan Richmond on the Great Pyramid makes large demands on faith. "Within the inner chamber, that is as yet but partly explored, will doubtless be found, by actual measurements, all solutions of the history of the earth up to the present." There is much virtue in that, doubtless!—"The Soul Test," by C. M. Skinner, is a striking story. Is it purely imaginative, or founded on fact?—The Rev. Joseph Cook gets a severe mauling from Mr. A. E. Newton. Perhaps it is necessary to meet this blatant person in this elaborate way, lest his much swearing should persuade men that he is in the right. But he is a sorry whetstone.—Mr. F. F. Cook defends his theory of embodiments, which he elucidated in *Light*, against Dr. Peebles' criticism. He wants to know what is the object of a single embodiment, and in what divine or moral economy are the glaring inequalities of earth-life and resultant spirit-life equalised? If Dr. Peebles can answer this question the reply will be a large contribution to our knowledge.—That is a large order, and here is one larger still. "Oakspe, the new Bible in the words of Jehovih and his angel ambassadors: being the history of the earth and her heavens for 24,000 years." There is the advertisement of a book, the contents of which read like ravings from Bedlam.—The most remarkable paper in the *Banner* is the narrative of psychic disturbance in a new house in New York, a story reproduced from the *New York World* of October 20, and copied into *Light*. It is, appar-

ently, a carefully recorded and well authenticated story of mediumship latent in one who knew nothing of Spiritualism. The servant-girl was the medium, and her psychic power was very marked.—There is much in the large pages of the *Banner*, and especially John Wetherbee's shrewd remarks, of which space does not permit criticism.

“RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL” (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

The *Journal* prints a very striking discourse of Mr. B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, on “Evolution in its relation to Evangelical Religion,” and a very halting reply from Professor P. A. Chadbourne, both delivered before the Evangelical Alliance at Boston. Mr. Underwood's statement of the Evolution theory is clear and cogent, and his exposure of Evangelical fallacies complete.—Mrs. H. M. Poole has some worthy words on that festering plague-spot of great cities, which is such a standing reproach to our religion, to our civilisation, nay, to our common humanity.—The *Unity*, an exchange of the *Journal's*, has the following remarks on the Society for Psychical Research:—

“Spiritualism seems to be passing out of the first and vulgar phase of its existence, and to be receiving that careful investigation to which the remarkable character of its phenomena and the widespread interest in its claims entitle it. We have recently heard of various private gatherings of radical and scientific men throughout our country, for the purpose of testing its pretensions, at which some surprising results were attained under conditions which would seem to make imposture and fraud an impossibility. These phenomena were food for much reflection on the part of the investigators, but do not seem to have impressed them with the prevailing notion that they are the work of departed spirits. Rather were they inclined to give them a psychological interpretation, as the unconscious action of the mind of the ‘medium’ on other minds, as revelations of the power of the human individuality in its present mundane relations to produce displays of force, and through exercise of its will to compel the movement of matter quite independently of the bodily organism, which is its usual instrument and means. In any case, these conclusions are of vital importance to the study of the human soul and its relations, both here and hereafter. We trust America will soon imitate the example given it by England, where a society for psychical research has been started, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Sedgwick. Among its members are A. J. Balfour, M.P., Prof. Balfour Stewart, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Hon. Roden Noel, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, and others. A committee on ‘Thought-Reading’ is headed by Professor Barrett, and on ‘Apparitions, Haunted Houses,’ etc., by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood.”

After this, it ludicrously declares that Professors Ray Lankester and Croom Robertson, *both avowed* Spiritualists (!) declare the *soi-disant* Cumberland superior to Bishop as a thought-reader. There is fame! Professor Lankester a Spiritualist!—Hudson and Emma Tuttle have celebrated their silver wedding with great *eclat*. Many messages from many friends must have greatly cheered and comforted them.—The *Journal* gives some excerpts from some letters from New York, published in 1843 by Mr. L. M. Child. Among them are some excellent stories of the power of electricity, and of animal magnetism and its connection with that force. There are also some good instances of animal instinct.—The position assumed by the *Journal*, in respect of the present crisis, is summarily put thus:—

“The affirmation that (1) Deception is consciously practised by some mediums. (2) Error and deception abound in what is offered to the public as spirit phenomena. (3) The manifestations of physical phenomena under prevailing methods, are often misleading and too apt to prove inconclusive and unsatisfactory. (4) Phenomena which can be accounted for in two ways, are of no value as proof of the claims of Spiritualism. (5) Every séance must stand on its own merits independent of all others. (6) Mediums, like other mortals, must be held responsible for their acts; a medium's claim of irresponsibility, because under the influence of another spirit, should usually have just the same weight in pleading extenuating circumstances, as does that of the man who pleads he committed the crime charged, under the influence of alcoholic spirits. As a rule, each individual attracts to himself the class of spirits most congenial to his nature. (7) Mediums should strive to lead moral lives, and observe the rules of health; never taxing their medial gifts to the extent of exhausting the physical system. By so doing they will run little risk of being controlled by tricking spirits, either in or out of the flesh. (8) A person caught in the act of personating a spirit should be exposed, that the public may be duly warned. (9) The persistent attempts made by the *Banner* and some of its correspondents, as well as by a scurrilous sheet published in Philadelphia, to screen those exposed in their nefarious practices, by denying the truthfulness of statements made by honoured and reputable witnesses to such exposures, and by denouncing and abusing said witnesses, is unjustifiable, contrary to the ethics of Spiritualism, a disgrace and damage to Spiritualism. (10) The assumption that masks, muslin and other paraphernalia of deception are conveyed into the cabinet, and placed upon the unconscious medium through the ‘intervention of evil or mischievous spirits,’ is unsupported by trustworthy evidence, and fraught with immense danger to the spiritual movement. And furthermore, granting the assumption of such intervention is correct, then it is all the more necessary that mediums should sit under such conditions as shall render any such work on the part of

said spirits impossible. In fact, as forcibly put by J. Frank Baxter in one of his lectures, 'this cry of evil spirits has too long obtained, even if true,'—that is, as a justification for wrongdoing and in support of the claim of non-responsibility. (11) A distinction should be made between those composing the large class of honourable, trustworthy mediums, and the smaller class of mountebanks and tricky mediums who are plying their deceitful practices under the guise of Spiritualism. (12) The time has come when Spiritualists the world over should unite in relieving the profession of mediumship from the odium now resting upon it, by driving out of the ranks those pretenders and tricky mediums who are bringing disgrace upon honest mediums and damage to the cause of Spiritualism. (13) All the phenomena of Spiritualism have been and can be presented under conditions that preclude the possibility of deception or mistake, and all attempts to present them otherwise should be discountenanced and suppressed."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESS AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The Society for Psychical Research has been given bold advertisement. *Punch* has tried some mild fun at its expense, in which some time-honoured jests about "spirits" find a suitable place. It is the function of *Punch* to say the obvious, and to prevent antique jests from being totally forgotten. But the conscious humour of the great comic journal pales its ineffectual fires before the unconscious fun—or rather funniness—of the two superior *Gazettes*, the *Pall Mall* and *St. James's*. These journals, "written (as we were once told of one of them) by gentlemen for gentlemen," have treated the Society to elaborate advertisement. The *St. James's Gazette* need not trouble us. Its pervading atmosphere is one of mild and somewhat benevolent chaff, rather in the style of the heavy father. But the *Pall Mall* is fairly frightened out of its aristocratic repose. By dint of keeping its eyes shut, and perhaps by a careful attention to the Positive Philosophy, the writer of the article (as he naively confesses) has been able to shut out the ghosts. And here comes a set of pestilent people who point out to him that the ghosts are there all the time though he refuses to see them. This plainly will not do, and he delivers himself of a homily so remarkable that it must take its place as a historic document. We do not often prophesy, but on this occasion we venture to predict that the time will come when the antiquarian will turn to this deliverance and quote it with wondering amusement as an instance, first, of the horror inspired in the cultured mind by any attempt to apply the methods of exact science to the proof of what most concerns man, and next of the mental state that one of the leading organs of opinion considers suitable for successful research. Incidentally, it may furnish monumental evidence

of the mental state of a writer who deems himself fitted to instruct the public mind. For the better preservation of this remarkable production, we transfer it to our pages. Our readers will find it amusing and instructive.

“ PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

“ Great is the power of words, as those two eminent poets, Homer and Mr. Matthew Arnold, have justly remarked ; and when you call ghost-stories ‘ psychical research,’ you certainly dignify them to all outward appearance with a sort of adventitious scientific importance. But it is a pity to see another good word go wrong ; for if the researchers have their own way to the top of their bent, the word ‘ psychical,’ which used to form a very apt antithesis to ‘ physical,’ will soon be practically spoiled for all serious philosophical purposes. Twenty years ago, when the mesmerists were in the full swing of their apparent success, that excellent term ‘ biology ’ was nearly ruined in the same fashion, being adopted as a short form of what the mesmerists, with their usual trick of jumping at the feeblest analogies, were pleased to call electro-biology. But there is a more serious danger attending this new form of psychical research than the mere degradation of a useful word ; and when one looks at the high intellectual status of many among the researchers, it seems hardly superfluous to point that danger out.

“ In themselves, ghost-stories, like all other possible phenomena, are matter for some science or other ; because, in fact, there is no product of general laws, however small, mean, or absurd, which is not itself capable of leading back inductively to those laws, and which is not therefore, viewed abstractly, part of the universal domain of science. As treated by Mr. Tylor, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and other anthropologists, ghost-stories do actually yield scientific material of a very valuable sort. *But as approached by the psychical researchers, no matter in how sceptical a spirit, they enclose a very real danger—* a danger, perhaps, all the greater in proportion to the general mental powers of the would-be investigator. *The fact is,* the belief in ghosts, in witchcraft, in second-sight, and all the rest of it, is a continuous inheritance of our race from a very remote and savage period. Even among the relics of the cave men, certainly among the relics of the later stone-age men, there are numerous objects which point back clearly to the existence of a ghost theory. Our ancestors have seen and known ghosts for countless generations ; and in many parts of the world people still know them as common and familiarly as they know dogs or horses. It is impossible that a belief so ancient, so universal, and so constantly present should not have produced profound modifications in the brain and the whole psychical mechanism of the entire race. Though the idea of a ghost is not of course innate in the scholastic sense, it may perhaps be considered as innate in the everlasting sense, with the vast majority of mankind—a sort of blank form, answering to the concept of a ghost, must probably be potentially present in almost every human brain. Connections of

fibres, or dynamical paths, must exist, along which impressions favourable to the ghost theory are readily conveyed. The idea, once suggested by teaching, is quickly snapped up; the mechanism falls easily into the train of thought familiar to all its predecessors, and provided for in its own structure by the influence of heredity. Nay, even to some extent, it would seem, the idea tends to occur more or less spontaneously as a gratuitous or untaught explanation of sundry incident phenomena; for certain deaf mutes, on being taught late to speak, have asserted that the notion was familiar to them in their untaught state; and our children, however carefully guarded, seem instinctively to acquire superstitious fears of the dark, which are probably due to these deeply-ingrained ancestral notions.

"Now, even the highest and most advanced European thinkers, though they may themselves have risen quite above the lower childish superstitions, are yet separated from them at best by a very few recent generations. The Middle Ages stand but twelve or fifteen lives away from all of us; only eight or nine lives stand between ourselves and the revolting puerilities of the witchcraft mania. In some parts of Ireland, of Scotland, of rural England, equal puerilities are even now extensively believed. Slowly, and by painful degrees, a few of us here in Western Europe have risen above the most degrading views of supernaturalism, and have attained, more or less completely, to a reasonable scientific standpoint. But we have done so only by a very gradual, hereditary, and successive ascent, and by carefully keeping our faces set forward instead of backward, in the pursuit of naturalistic explanations. As yet, we must still retain in the very same constitution of our nervous mechanism innumerable connections of fibres, answering potentially to connections of ideas, which make for the older and more superstitious views. By steadily neglecting to develop these—nay, rather by intentionally suffering them to fall into disuse (for most of us have had more or less tincture of the floating superstition in early childhood)—we have managed to throw overboard the whole load of interfering supernaturalism in everyday life. But we can none of us boast that we have entirely got rid of the old leaven; the thing is too deeply stamped into our very natures to be completely eradicated in a couple of generations or so. Though those who are not likely to relapse are not likely to meddle with psychical research, there are yet many who still cherish an evident hankering after the visibly supernatural (often as a safeguard to failing faith), and who cannot safely deal with such dubious material in any way. People of this sort are clearly playing with edged tools. Once let the old current get the upper hand again, and, as the doings of the Spiritualists sufficiently show, the whole pent-up flood of supernaturalism comes down with a rush. No man has hands so clean that he can afford to touch pitch. As in the moral department of our nature, ethical feelings are so newly developed, that they are, for the most part, only kept up by want of familiarity with vice, so, in the intellectual department, the scientific attitude is so new and unfixed a possession that it can only be preserved by

careful abstention from dangerous trains of thought. Even the ablest and most scientific observers, when they have taken the first step by "inquiring," may sink to the very bottom of the pond before they finish. If anybody doubts this, he need only read a remarkable publication by Mr. Crookes, detailing his own conversion: it begins with the most reasonable scientific precautions, and it ends with an open-mouthed acceptance of the most barefaced impositions of professional mediums."

THE CONDUCT OF PUBLIC PHYSICAL SEANCES.

The following Declaration on the conduct of public or promiscuous séances for physical manifestations was drafted by a committee, appointed for that purpose, by the Council of the Central Association of Spiritualists, and having been presented to a meeting of the Council, held on Tuesday, Nov. 14th, 1882, was unanimously approved, and ordered to be printed and circulated. Persons wishing to have their names added to the list of signatures are invited to intimate their desire to the Resident Secretary, Mr. Thomas Blyton, 38 Great Russell Street, W.C.

CONDUCT OF PUBLIC PHYSICAL SEANCES.

Few Spiritualists can have failed to note with regret the deterioration which has of late years taken place in the conditions under which physical phenomena have been sought in public séances.

These conditions, so favourable to fraud on the part of dishonest mediums, and so calculated to excite suspicion in the minds of observers, have led to the most disastrous results. We are not speaking without full warrant when we say, that there is hardly a public medium for physical manifestations in this country against whom at one time or other charges of imposture have not been brought. We fear that in some cases no reasonable doubt can be entertained that fraud of the grossest kind was really perpetrated; while in other cases there is reason to believe that—whatever may have been the appearance to inexperienced spectators—there was no conscious deception on the part of the medium.

But in either case the name of Spiritualism has been brought into discredit, and we are forcibly driven to the conclusion that our methods of procedure must be amended. We must demonstrate our abhorrence of imposture by disavowing and discouraging all conditions which do not plainly shut out even the suspicion of its possibility.

Obviously these remarks can have little reference to family circles, which are naturally held sacred by those who regard them as affording opportunities for veritable "communion with the dead." But it is open to grave question whether—even in the case of family circles—*inquirers* should ever be permitted to make their first acquaintance with Spiritual phenomena by introduction to séances held for physical manifestations in the dark, or where a cabinet is used for the seclusion of the medium.

We are chiefly concerned, however, with what are known as public or promiscuous séances for physical manifestations. These have been of late years generally marked by the following characteristics:—(1) The séance has been conducted in imperfect light, or in total darkness. (2) The medium has been isolated from the circle, by being placed either in a cabinet or behind a curtain. (3) The sitters have been, either wholly or in part, unacquainted with the subject and with each other. (4) There has not infrequently been a manifest want of harmony, consequent upon differences of opinion as to the nature and value of the tests employed.

These conditions, usually found in combination, effectually preclude careful and dispassionate investigation; open wide an avenue to fraud; suggest suspicion of its presence even where it does not exist; and in many cases, we fear, expose the medium to very injurious influences.

Such conditions should be allowed to prevail no longer. "Mixed" circles should be as little mixed as possible—mere wonder-seekers, and men whose moral atmosphere is known to be impure, being carefully excluded. Above all, darkness should give way to light. In the early days of Spiritualism public dark circles were the exception, and there is no need for them now. There is abundant evidence that, with mediums of the present day, satisfactory phenomena, including even "form" manifestations, can be obtained without isolation—the medium, where a cabinet is used, being placed near, but *outside of it*, and in full view of the sitters. But even if this were not so, it is neither wise nor honourable to expose mediums to the risks which have been shown to attend séances held under the conditions that have of late been prevalent; and it were far better that we should have no public manifestations of physical phenomena than that they should be sought under circumstances which, to say the least, inevitably conduce to suspicion.

In view of all these considerations, believing that fraud is not of the essence of this confessedly obscure subject, but rather an accident dependent on faulty conditions of research; feeling that Spiritualists have the remedy for the evil in their own hands, and that without its conscientious application they cannot hope to maintain a fair reputation before the world; we earnestly recommend—*That in all public circles held for physical phenomena, the medium be so placed, and in such light, as to be continuously under observation by each member of the circle.*

Edwin Adams, Cardiff

W. P. Adshead, Derby

Alexander Aksakof, St. Petersburg

G. P. Allan, London

W. R. Armstrong, Newcastle-on-Tyne

R. Baikie, M.D., late H.E.I.C.S., Edinburgh

* T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., Newcastle-on-Tyne

Frederick A. Binney, Manchester

John L. Bland, President of Hull Psychological Society

Hannah Blundell, Manchester

- * Anna Blackwell, Paris
- John James Bodmer, London
- Hugh Booth, Sowerby Bridge
- Colonel Joshua Brayn, Jersey
- Emma Hardinge-Britten, Manchester
- William Brown, Burnley
- Henry Burton, Newcastle-on-Tyne
- Alexander Calder, London
- † Robert R. Cann, Norfolk
- J. Crossley Eno, Dulwich
- Robert Scammell Clarke, Hon. Sec. Plymouth Free Spiritual Society
- John Colley, Hon. Sec. Birmingham Christian Spiritualist Society
- John Cowie, Dumbarton
- John Crake, Houghton-le-Spring
- William Day, Ipswich
- David Duguid, Glasgow
- James Dawbarn, London
- Thomas Dawson, Hon. Sec. Gateshead Spiritualist Society
- § W. Eglinton, London
- T. H. Edmands, Sunbury-on-Thames
- Thomas Everitt, London
- John S. Farmer, London
- Lewis Firth, Hon. Sec. Rochdale Spiritualist Society
- Richard Fitton, Manchester
- Charlotte FitzGerald, London
- D. G. FitzGerald, M.S.Tel.E., London
- Elizabeth FitzGerald, London
- * Hannah Ford, Leeds
- George Forster, Hon. Sec. Seghill Spiritualist Association
- H. E. Frances, Hon. Sec. Brixton Psychological Society
- William Gill, Brighton
- Henry Goodchild, Hon. Sec. Middlesborough Association of Spiritualists
- Thomas Grant, Maidstone
- G. F. Green, London
- Joseph N. Greenwell, Hon. Sec. Dalston Association
- S. C. Hall, F.S.A., London
- * Mrs. F. V. Hallock, Chiswick, London
- William Hardy, Hon. Sec. Sheffield Psychological Association
- Samuel Hayes, Hon. Sec. Macclesfield Society of Spiritualists
- Georgiana Houghton, London
- Hugh Hutchinson, President Islington Home Circle
- H. T. Humphreys, London
- John Enmore Jones, London
- H. A. Kersey, Newcastle-on-Tyne
- W. F. Kirby, London
- Edward Larrad, President Leicester Spiritualist Society
- John Lamont, Liverpool
- P. G. Leymarie, President Société Scientifique d'Etudes Psychologiques, of Paris
- J. E. Lightbown, Hon. Sec. Manchester and Salford Society of Spiritualists
- R. W. Lishman, Hon. Cor. Sec. Central London Spiritual Evidence-Society
- "M.A. (Oxon.)," London
- Iver MacDonnell, London
- James M'Dowall, Glasgow
- John M'G. Munro, Hon. Sec. Glasgow Association of Spiritualists

- Thomas M'Kinney, Peterborough
 *C. C. Massey, London
 William Miall, London
 William Morris, London
 J. J. Morse, London
 Hay Nisbet, Glasgow
 *E. Louisa Thompson Nosworthy, Liverpool
 Roden Noel, London
 *W. G. Pickersgill, London
 Thomas Pinkey, Durham
 Richard Pearce, London
 *Edward R. Pease, London
 Cornelius Pearson, London
 *Frank Podmore, London
 *Thomas Pole, Clifton
 Charles Poole, Hon. Sec. Yorkshire District Committee of Spiritualists
 John Pringle, Hon. Sec. Hetton Spiritual Society
 S. R. Redman, London
 George Ridley, Hon. Sec., North Durham Spiritualist Society
 A. J. Riko, The Hague.
 W. C. Robson, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 E. Dawson Rogers, London
 George Rogers, President Macclesfield Society of Spiritualists
 John Rouse, Croydon
 Adam Rushton, Minister, Macclesfield Society of Spiritualists
 †Thos. Shorter, London
 J. Bowing Slowman, Plympton
 S. T. Speer, M.D. (Edin.), London
 M. A. Stack, London
 Lucia C. Stone, Bridport
 Edith L. Stone, Bridport
 Morell Theobald, London
 Ellen Miall Theobald, London
 E. A. Tietkens, London
 I. Thompson, President Manchester and Salford Society, Manchester
 Charles Tomlinson, London
 George Tommy, Bristol
 W. Towns, London
 Jno. P. Turner, Leamington
 Mary Wainwright, London
 †Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.G.S., Godalming
 E. W. Wallis, Nottingham
 W. Winlow, Hon. Sec. Ashington Spiritual Society, Northumberland
 Oswald Wirth, Paris.
 George Wyld, M.D., London
 J. F. Young, Llanelly

* Is of opinion that public miscellaneous séances for physical manifestations should be altogether discontinued.

† Would prefer that the word "conscious" should be omitted from the last sentence of the second paragraph.

‡ Is of opinion that public miscellaneous séances and professional mediumship for physical manifestations should be altogether discouraged.

§ Is opposed to *all public* séances, whether in the light or the dark, unless the conditions are favourable to a complete investigation.

THE DIVINING-ROD.

Writing to a London paper about the divining-rod, Mr. Hare, of Bristol, says:—"A contractor of high respectability in this neighbourhood, who has large experience in well-driving, often makes use of a piece of narrow watch-spring for this purpose. He walks to and fro with the watch-spring held in front between the fingers of both hands, in the shape of the letter U; and when he comes to a place where there is water the spring slowly bends downwards, twisting about in a very remarkable manner. This I have seen done here at our works, when I had occasion to seek for a site for a well."

Mr. E. Vaughan Jenkins also sends to the *Times* the following letter from a gentleman residing at Westbury-sub-Mendip, Wells, Somerset:—"I have read your letter in the *Times* of Tuesday. You may possibly like to hear of my experience as to the divining-rod. In July, 1875 (that very hot summer), the old well under my house became fouled and the water unfit to drink, so I decided on sinking another well about one hundred yards off from my house, if I were advised that water could be found there. The field is perfectly dry, and there is no appearance of water anywhere near where I wished to sink. So I sent for a labouring man in the village who could 'work the twig'—as the divining-rod is called here—and he came and cut a blackthorn 'twig' out of my hedge and proceeded round the field, and at one spot the 'twig' was so violently affected that it flew out of his hands; he could not hold it. I may here observe that the village churchyard adjoins my field, and it was of consequence to me to know whether the spring went through or near the churchyard. So I asked the man to tell me which way the spring ran (of course, under the ground); and he proceeded to follow up the spring, and found that it did not go near the churchyard. Having some doubts as to this man, about a month after I heard of another man living some miles off who, I had been told, could 'work the twig.' I sent for him, and he was quite unaware that the first man had tried for water; and, to my astonishment, when he came near the spot indicated by the first man, he could not hold the twig, it was so much affected. I then asked him to tell me the course of the underground spring, and he went as near as possible as the first man—from about south-west to north-east. I thereupon decided to sink a well, the last man assuring me that water was not very far down. At 39 feet the well-sinkers came upon a spring of the most beautiful water, and there is in the well about 30 feet of water in the summer, and in the winter the well is nearly full."

"THE PERFECT WAY," AND ENGLAND'S MISSION IN INDIA.

A correspondent asks insertion of the following:—"One of the most interesting passages in 'The Perfect Way' is that in which the authors discuss the mission of England in India. It points out, that England guards the Bible and the purest Christianity. England shelters also Buddhism in her fold. The 'religion of the future is destined to emerge from these, the two great world-creeds. Both will

be sublimated and purified, and this process will be brought about by studying the merits and differences of the two religions. All this was written before the campaign in Egypt, which has virtually given to England the gates of the East—a point considered so important by Eliphas Levi, and others. The career of England in India is very remarkable. Its conquest was made quite against the wishes of all English rulers. The Suez Canal was constructed in the teeth of Palmerston and English public opinion. Tel-el-Kebir was gained by a Prime Minister who hates war. Such coincidences are at least curious. A novel, published about a month ago, is already attracting considerable attention. It is called 'Under Orders.' It sketches Indian life and the intrigues of small officials with a firm hand. We ask how was India won and secured, if these are its rulers? Mountains of ice, as colossal as the Himalayan ranges seem to part the copper-faced Brahmin and the white-faced Christian. It has been wittily asserted, that 'if the English quitted India to-morrow, they would leave no traces behind them except broken beer-bottles.'

"I think there are signs of better things. The reception of the bronze heroes of Zagazig in England has shown the Indians that the Englishman has a heart beneath his buckram. The *Theosophist* also is bringing white man and black man together—not to exchange smirks and insincere commonplaces, but to discuss death and the after-life; and to make bare the innermost thoughts of each. Many of the Asiatic fancies seem strange to us, but their discussion cannot fail to help the cause of truth."

RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

It is with much pleasure I draw attention to a series of articles by M.A. (Oxon.), under this title, which commence in the current number of the *Review*, and which will be continued regularly during the next nine or ten months.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

I have pleasure in inserting the following official announcement:—A general meeting of the members of this Society will be held on Saturday, December the 9th, at No. 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.—the President of the Society, Henry Sidgwick, Esq., will take the chair at 4 p.m. The order of business will be:—Introductory remarks by the President; Report of the Committee on Thought-Reading, by Professor Barrett; Report of the Literary Committee, by Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers; Report of Haunted House Committee, by Mr. Frank Podmore; Report of Reichenbach Committee, by Mr. W. H. Coffin; Paper on Clairvoyance, by Dr. Wyld; Discussion on the preceding. The meeting is open to members and associates. Members are at liberty to invite friends.—EDWARD T. BENNET, Hon. Secy.